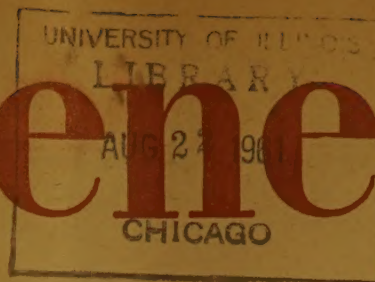


# The Listener



## and B.B.C. Television Review

Vol. LXVI. No. 1688.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1961

15c



Africans gathered round a radio loudspeaker in a coffee shop in Mombasa, Kenya. Derrick Sington writes about broadcasting in East Africa on page 167

### China: Coming Rival for Power?

By Roderick MacFarquhar

### New Money for Old

By Alan Day

### The Council and the Chalkpit

By J. A. G. Griffith

### A Shower of Meteorites

By Patrick Moore

### The God above God

By Paul Tillich

### Florence's Other Face

By Raymond Baker

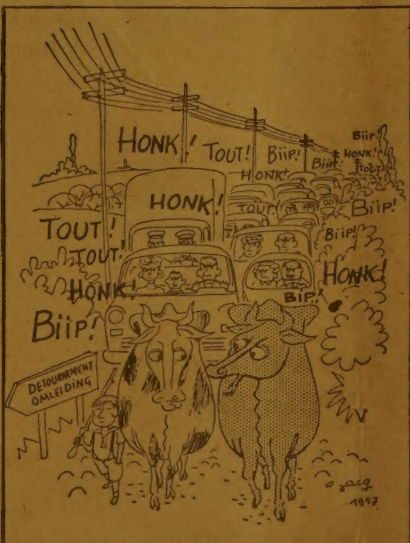




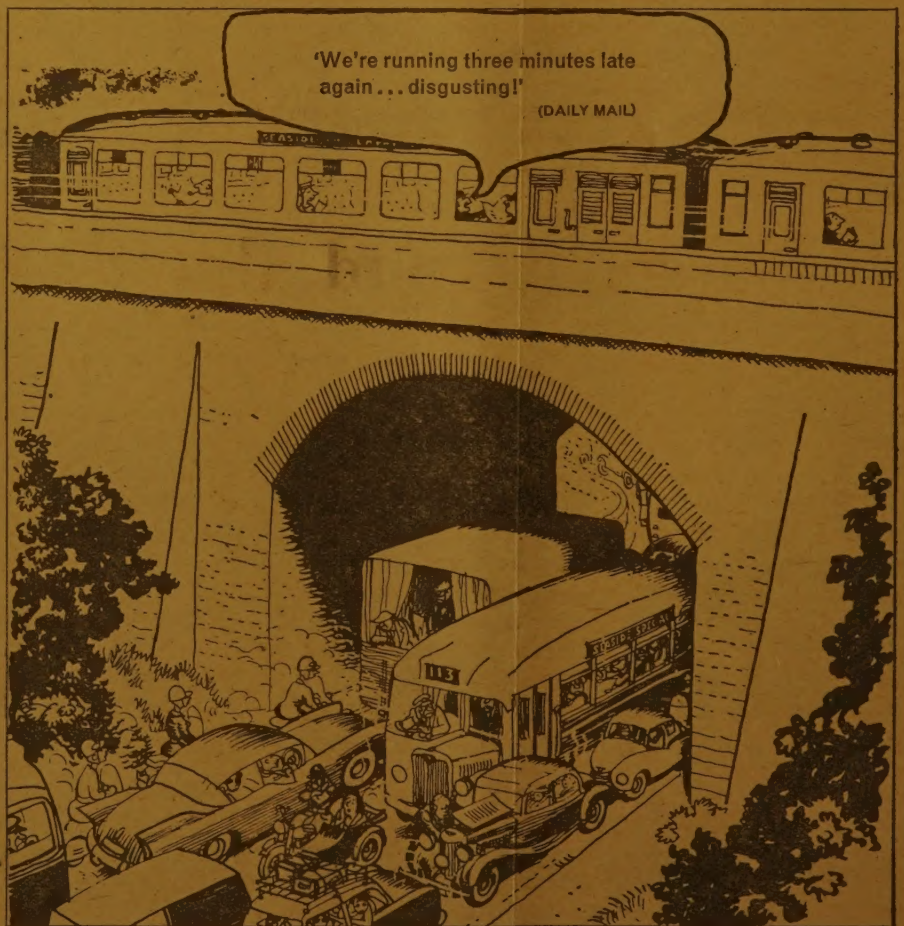
'I will go ahead and do lunch; it will all be ready when you get home' (LE HERISSON, PARIS)



'You had better run home and tell Mummy that I shall be home in about an hour's time!'  
(NEUE BERNER ZEITUNG, SWITZERLAND)



'The last time I started something like this, in 1937, they were much more patient!'  
(ROUTES ET CIRCULATIONS, BELGIUM)



go by train and  
don't give a hoot



# The Listener

Vol. LXVI. No. 1688

Thursday August 3 1961

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AS A NEWSPAPER

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## Mr. Kennedy and the Problem of Berlin

By DONALD MCLACHLAN

ON July 25 President Kennedy broadcast to the American people by television a speech that I can best describe as an alert: an alert to a bigger arms budget (the addition is nearly as big as the British defence budget for one year); to a bigger army for which there would have to be a wider call-up; to more expenditure on civil defence—perhaps the most significant item of all, reminding us that the Americans, whatever we may think, believe in the possibility of surviving nuclear war. In brief, this is what John Foster Dulles would have called preparing a position of strength from which to negotiate; odd how we are returning to the concepts and even the language of strategy and policy in the old regime. I never did think that President Kennedy and his brilliant brains trust would work out much that was new so far as Russia is concerned.

But this is no more just a rearmament speech than was Mr. Khrushchev's recent speech to the military cadets in which he announced more money for arms and a postponement of reductions in the forces. President Kennedy made it clear that he wished to negotiate: 'We arm to parley' is the phrase that Churchill used to brandish. He also made it clear in a phrase that I have not seen before, a broad hint that he recognized Russia's special security problems in central Europe: in other words that the Russians are frightened of the Germans on both sides of the iron curtain; as satellites and as opponents.

So I take the President's speech as not heightening tension, as not intended to be provocative, but as a warning to Mr. Khrushchev that America will fight if need be for the free Berliners and that she would be quietly and confidently prepared either for a war of nerves or a negotiated settlement. It would not surprise me in the least to learn in a week or two that the Kennedy hints and the Khrushchev hints had led to informal contacts and a resumption of diplomacy. Both men have now prepared ground on which they can stand without being accused either of appeasement or of provocation.

But this still does not amount to a policy for Berlin. I did not myself expect new ideas at this stage. Indeed, I do not believe that new ideas about the main problem are needed; what are needed are fresh looks at the old ideas and a firm decision whether or not to change posture.

For example, the right policy for Berlin for the West may well be to do nothing. The merits of sheer obstinacy are undervalued in the fidgety, impatient, critical democracies of the West, although Dr. Adenauer understands them. They are never undervalued by the Russians or the Chinese. If it is the right policy to set our jaws, do nothing, and out-face Mr. Khrushchev's psychological warfare, then the sooner the American position is made clear the better. The expectation that something new will come out of the White House, some gimmick, some conjuror's trick, simply undermines the



morale and confidence of the leaders of public opinion in Europe.

In London, fortunately, this is all realized, I think. Nothing very much is expected yet from what a colleague of mine has called President Kennedy's bubble-bath of ideas. Ministers do not take too seriously the talk of mobilizing reserves and preparing military action against or around Berlin. Even the visit of Mr. McNamara, the American Defence Secretary, was taken as a piece of nerve war, something that will impress the Russians and keep them guessing about what the military plans for a Berlin crisis really are.

The idea that Nato should here and now start calling up reserves of conventional forces in order to match the Russian conventional forces in Poland and Germany simply does not make sense to Whitehall. Once called up, they would have to be kept indefinitely in service, so causing endless difficulty and discontent; nothing is more difficult than to keep reservists mobilized but idle. To choose the date for their demobilization would become a major act of policy, one which the Russians could make more and more difficult for us as time went on.

The British view on the contrary is that mobilization of reserves is one of the few really impressive acts to be kept in reserve and performed when the Berlin crisis is really on us—that and the evacuation of civilians from big cities. To perform it prematurely would be disastrous; for having once done it ineffectively it would be extremely difficult to repeat. We must beware, above all, of being lured into a posture of 'phoney' war like that which demoralized the French army in 1939-40.

My view of how we should prepare to deal with Soviet or East German pressure on Berlin is that we should prepare every kind of economic and psychological pressure on Herr Ulbricht and his regime. In recent weeks, much more evidence has come of the discontent and difficulties which exist in Eastern Germany. The

refugee figures speak for themselves. If the Russians give East Germany a separate peace treaty and Herr Ulbricht then begins a policy of pin-pricks against Western lines of communication, we must be ready with a graded series of counter-pin-pricks which will threaten the whole stability of his regime. I do not believe the Russians will let him take measures likely to cause major war; they will let him take only minor measures that will cause us nervousness and inconvenience.

The American diagnosis seems to be, on the contrary, that Mr. Khrushchev will let Herr Ulbricht do 'big stuff', like bringing down air liners on the Berlin-Hamburg route, or stopping lorries on the motor road and throwing out the drivers—acts of physical force and brutality. It is possible; everything is possible. The question is what is probable. I find it improbable that the Russians will adopt measures, or allow the East Germans to adopt measures, which make them the aggressors with the whole world watching. On the contrary I would expect them to set traps to make the Americans look aggressors and to get neutral and uncommitted governments round to the Soviet side in the Berlin quarrel.

That is why the American talk of mobilization and military measures could be dangerous. We must beware of Russian tricks to make a fool of a young and dynamic President—full of new ideas and burning to wipe out the memory of Cuba—as Bismarck made a fool once of Napoleon III. It is not a heroic posture and role for an ally to say this but it is one that someone must play. Dr. Adenauer wants to be just obstinate, and perhaps he sees military measures by the Americans as an aid to obstinacy. President de Gaulle is obviously much too taken up with North Africa to contribute much of value to the Berlin problem at the moment. It is left to the British to see the problem firmly as it is and argue quietly with the men from Washington who believe that there is something new to be said and done.

—European Services

## Challenge of Our Time

# China: Coming Rival for Power?

By RODERICK MACFARQUHAR

**F**OR those who cared to read the writing on the wall, the explosion of the first Soviet atomic device in 1949 was an indication that the American century might turn out to be only a decade. Yet it was not until the Soviet Union sent an earth satellite up before the United States that Americans awoke to the fact that they were no longer the unique super-power in the world. The lesson is that to qualify as a super-power it is vital to concentrate on certain specific areas of industrial development—heavy engineering, for instance—and in particular on nuclear weapons and rocketry, while other branches of the economy can be permitted to lag.

But, over and beyond purely economic requirements, a people must possess a certain psychological disposition to believe in its right to glory, a confidence in its fate. For Americans their status as a super-power and their exercise of leadership is justified by their belief that the American dream is the right material goal for all men. The Russians of course see themselves on the crest of the wave of history, the vanguard of a civilization that they believe must inevitably encompass the world.

For the Russians, however, there is only one fly in the ointment: China. I have heard the somewhat acid comment on their dilemma: the nineteenth century was the British century, the twentieth century is American; the twenty-first will be Chinese; there is no Soviet century. From the Russian point of view, the Chinese are also riding the wave of history and, with their vast population, are potentially the leaders of the new civilization. By the time they are overhauling the Americans, the Russians fear, the Chinese may be overhauling them—a fear that is in large part induced by their amazement at the tremendous pace at which all Chinese seem capable of working.

For the Americans, China as a super-power is still a distant prospect and probably one that does not yet exercise them. While the Russians nurture vague fears that China's vast population may eventually spill over into their sparsely populated eastern territories, to most Americans China is still a distant land. No American journalists can report Chinese developments from China—and somehow for the newspaper-reading public it is not the same thing when Chinese economic advances are reported from Hong Kong. Besides, Americans are too busy with the Russians for the moment really to think of what China may be like by the end of the century.

It is impossible to predict when China will, so to speak, 'arrive'—when she will qualify as a super-power—because the pace of scientific advance is always quickening. Given that the rate of bettering living standards is not the criterion of judgment, it may be before the end of the century that China achieves a 'first' of the order of the Soviet firsts in sending an artificial satellite and a man into space. What seems to be beyond doubt is that the Chinese will eventually qualify. The ingredients are all there: a large country with considerable natural resources; 650,000,000 people, among the most energetic and diligent in the world; an able and determined leadership with absolute powers and a clear idea of where it is going.

But although China's entry into the ranks of the super-powers can be reckoned to be decades away, this does not mean she will not be able to exercise the influence of a super-power before then. All over the world there are people who expect China to become a super-power, and they have a tendency to act as if she already is one. A continual stream of visitors arrive in Peking, notably from Asia, Africa, and Latin America, rather like the



tribute missions of Chinese imperial times. Many visitors from under-developed countries come not just to pay their respects but also to learn, to see whether China's methods of economic development and social change might suit them. And China's ability to act as an example is another reason for her having influence in excess of her present power: she is not only a potential super-power; she is also a possible teacher and guide. And the Chinese leaders, with the immense self-confidence that their long and impressive history gives them, are acting as if China were already a super-power even though their aid hand-outs cannot yet rival those of the United States and the Soviet Union.

This raises the question: what are the ambitions of the Chinese leaders? What role do they see an immensely strengthened China playing in the world? Here one has to look at Chinese history; for, though one cannot say what Mao Tse-tung's specific ideas are, one can gain a number of clues by examining the historical background against which he makes his decisions.

Traditionally the Chinese saw themselves as a civilization—as *the* civilization, in fact: a civilization surrounded by barbarians. Any ethnically non-Chinese race, however, could become Chinese by accepting Chinese culture; and, since the border peoples were far less developed than the Chinese many of them did, even though they were actually the conquerors of the Chinese empire. The importance of this is that the Chinese traditionally think the world ought to be one universal culture. Previously that culture was Confucian; it dominated the world as known to the Chinese. Now the Chinese communists see themselves once more as part of a world-wide system, what is potentially a new world civilization. And my feeling is that Mao and his colleagues, firmly believing that communism will eventually encompass the globe, assume as a result of the tremendous self-confidence their history gives them that Peking will be the centre and well-spring of this new civilization.

I think, too, that they probably see themselves exerting their influence in the future much as imperial China did in the past—by the brilliance of their example. China is not likely to impose her culture by force, but will expect the latter-day tribute missions to come to Peking and learn. Not everything will be the same as in centuries past. Imperial China rarely bothered to send envoys overseas, and when they went they did not go to persuade others of the values of Chinese civilization which they regarded as self-evident and visible to all. Now, however, Peking's envoys go everywhere they are welcome, tirelessly spreading their country's influence.

The Chinese communists' particularly violent diatribes against imperialism are largely the result of their desire to wipe out a century of disgrace during which they lay helpless at the hands of the Western Powers. There is, therefore, a strong psychological motive for their campaign to turn what in classical Marxist-Leninist terminology is known as the imperialist rear—that is, the colonies—into the forefront of the struggle against imperialism. This campaign, which represents China's



Ernesto Che Guevara, President of the Cuban National Bank, arriving at Peking airport last November at the head of an economic delegation. On the left is Li Hsien-nien, Chinese Minister of Finance

present major effort in the field of foreign relations, has already affected the two super-powers, America and Russia. Undoubtedly China's unwearied pressing of her cause is winning friends for her among the neutralist nations. It can hardly be much longer before her supporters win a majority in the United Nations for seating Communist China there.

Russia has been affected almost as profoundly. China's activities in the under-developed world, particularly among the communist parties there, is one of the main causes of the tension between Moscow and Peking. Mao believes it is in the interest of both world communism and China herself that revolution should

be encouraged everywhere. Mr. Khrushchev fears that so militant a policy may lead to a local war and so to a thermonuclear exchange between America and Russia. And in the course of the Sino-Soviet dispute we can see both China's weakness and her strength. Her weakness is that she is not yet economically and militarily powerful enough to go it alone and carry the other communist countries with her. But she is strong enough to put the whole communist movement into confusion and to end the era of monolithic unity under the leadership of the Soviet Union. Indeed, paradoxically, the Chinese communists who want to see themselves as part of a new world civilization—and probably as its centre—have done more to undermine the universality of Marxism-Leninism and its chances of becoming the world's unique philosophy than any anti-communist ever could.

While the Chinese communists, one assumes, think of their communism as the vital element in deciding their relations with the outside world, to many of their neighbours their doctrine is to some extent irrelevant. For small countries like Thailand and Cambodia, any unified and strong



Chinese youths in Peking demonstrating against 'U.S. imperialism'



China must inevitably loom large in their thinking. It is probably not so much fear that China, of whatever political complexion, might invade south-east Asia to seize the rice surpluses available there for her rapidly growing population, for they realize that those surpluses are by China's standards only marginal. But most south-east Asian countries possess small but economically highly significant Chinese minorities who dominate the retail trade and sometimes other important sections of the economy. These minorities are content to stay where they are making a good living, but they think of themselves as still Chinese and try to preserve a Chinese way of life. This offends the nationalism of the south-east Asian countries, many of whom are newly independent, and arouses fears that these minorities may act as the fifth column of an expansionist China.

My own feeling is that China will probably not attempt to expand militarily; nor is she likely to try to make south-east Asian countries into satellites; she will however expect them to look to her for guidance and leadership.

This raises the question of how much difference for the rest of the world it will make that China is communist when China

becomes a super-power. From one point of view the answer is obvious—that China is communist is of supreme importance to us in the West and particularly America against whom China will measure her strength. But from the point of view of the Russians, it may well be that as China becomes more powerful the fact that she is communist will become less important than the fact that she is a large and powerful neighbour of vast empty spaces of the Soviet Union. Even Soviet party members have been known to speculate to Westerners on the possibility that, one day, Russia will side with America against China. Eighteen months ago this proposition might have seemed fanciful. But now the bonds of the communist bloc have been severely strained by the dispute between Moscow and Peking, and a break, if far from being a certainty, at least can no longer be ruled out. If China's increasing strength does frighten the Russians, then the break-up of the communist bloc and a new alignment of the nations may be the most important result of China's arrival as a super-power.

*This is the third of seven broadcasts in the General Overseas Service. The fourth talk, 'The Outlook for Neutralism' by Richard Gould-Adams, will be published next week.*

## New Money for Old

By ALAN DAY

IT is not at all difficult to diagnose what is wrong with our present international monetary system, and on much of the diagnosis the experts are in broad agreement. Our system is fundamentally a restored gold exchange standard, very like the restored gold standard of the late nineteen-twenties, which collapsed so completely in the great depression of the early 'thirties. Our present system was formally established at the end of 1958 when the convertibility of the more important European currencies was restored. It is based, like its predecessor, on gold as the ultimate means of payment between (but not, of course, within) nations, reinforced by extensive international use of two important national currencies—the key currencies, sterling and the dollar. The basic rules of the game today are very like those of the old gold standard: countries should interfere as little as possible with freedom of international payments; countries forswear the use of exchange rate changes as an instrument of policy save in exceptional circumstances; and a country which finds itself in external economic difficulties with a balance-of-payments deficit is normally expected to deal with its troubles by internal action taken to reduce domestic spending and incomes.

It is this system which is already running into severe difficulties, as shown by last year's pressure on the dollar and this year's on sterling. The pessimists believe it cannot last for even the six years' life of its predecessor in the 'twenties (which means only three more years to go); I believe that we could struggle on for longer, but that it would be foolish and wasteful to attempt to do so.

### International Liquidity

The weakness of the system which is most commonly discussed is that there is not a sufficiency of money which is internationally acceptable. Just as in the late nineteen-twenties there was repeated discussion of the gold shortage, so in recent years there has been steadily increasing discussion of the shortage of international liquidity—of liquid funds which are widely acceptable for making international settlements. There are good grounds for considering that there is a shortage today, and there are even better reasons for thinking that the shortage will become more serious.

I believe this is so, even though many of the arguments are not conclusive. But there is an argument which really does clinch the matter. Countries hold reserves of international currency for the same reasons as individuals hold ordinary money; they hold some of their total wealth in a form which can easily be used to buy almost anything anywhere. Just as some individuals hold

small reserves of cash and others big, so with countries; a country whose total wealth is very great, or one which does much foreign trade, or one which cannot bring itself to use the money in other ways (such as allowing more imports or encouraging long-term overseas investment) will tend to want to hold a good deal of its wealth in international currency. But if the total amount of internationally acceptable currency in the world is less than the total amount which all countries, taken together, would like to hold, then inevitably some country is frustrated.

### An Unnecessary Failure

This is an absurd situation which cannot be solved by an attempt on the part of the countries with too little to earn more; if they do, they simply deprive someone else. So we find most of the developed countries which, it would seem, would like to put more of their savings into international money, are often frustrated because insufficient is available. At the same time, we find many under-developed countries which are desperately short of funds to finance their investment programmes. The failure of our international monetary system to bring these two groups of countries together—the countries which want to put savings into international currency and those which need to borrow savings to invest—is monstrous and unnecessary: unnecessary because it can be solved by printing some internationally acceptable money, and monstrous because it means that the poor countries are poorer than they need be.

The other great weakness of our present system is that it is not flexible enough for a world where countries are trying to maintain full employment. In particular, it is extremely difficult for the monetary authorities to envisage any change in the exchange rates of the key currencies, because the suggestion provokes violent speculation, and because a devaluation by a key currency might lead to a permanent loss of confidence in its use as a monetary reserve. Yet exchange rate changes there must be; it is unrealistic to suppose that—even if their present parities are reasonable—the current pattern of rates can survive for all time into the future. The full gold-standard rules are nonsense today; no country can reasonably be expected to rely solely on massive internal deflation to deal with all and every external payments difficulty.

There are two main kinds of remedy under discussion, to deal with these problems of the inadequacy of our supplies of international money and the particular demands thrown on the key currencies. The more conservative line of policy wants to buttress



the present system by supporting the key currencies and by increasing the use of the International Monetary Fund. The more radical line of policy would like to transform the present system, by abandoning the use of key currencies and by creating an international central bank which would act as a bank where countries would make settlements with one another (the clearing function) and as a body which could create new international paper currency (the credit-creating function).

### Reactionary Nostalgia

There have been many variants of both these schemes and indeed most of the elements in the debate between them can be found in the debate between the radical British position at Bretton Woods in 1944 and the more conservative American position. The most widely publicized contemporary versions are those of Edward Bernstein on the conservative side (though, let it be said, his is a very liberal conservatism) and Robert Triffin on the radical side. In official circles, it is clear that the conservative view is in the ascendant. The International Monetary Fund itself appears to favour proposals a good deal more conservative and less liberal than those of Bernstein; the United States Administration is apparently unwilling to go as far as Triffin; the continental governments are generally well on the conservative side; and with the exception of the primitive distrust of any credit mechanism shown by M. Rueff, who is very close to General de Gaulle, the British position seems to be more conservative than any—in fact in fundamentals it is a futile reactionary nostalgia for the days before 1914 when every country in the world was in the sterling area.

While the official view is generally conservative, the position taken by most economists and financial commentators seems to lean fairly uniformly on the radical side of centre. Most writers on the subject (leaving aside those people who regard inflation as the only evil and those who see an easy remedy in raising the price of gold) regard a Triffin-type plan as the right aim, and a Bernstein-type plan as no more than a *pis aller*.

For my part, I am sure that a radical solution is necessary. It is not enough to shore up the present system by supporting the key currencies. To do that would mean that the system would remain inflexible, because exchange-rate patterns would have to remain too rigid; but paradoxically it would mean that a basic instability would be built into the system, because we should be using three international currencies which can never be perfect substitutes for one another, so that their holders will always be tempted to change their loyalties. Moreover, it would be wrong to shore up the present system, if it were to mean that Britain and the United States could pile up still more short-term debt. This is hardly defensible when there are plenty of poor countries about who have more need to borrow.

### Dangerous Degree of Power

Nevertheless, it is wrong to see the conservative-radical conflict on these issues in the black and white terms in which it is usually presented. I am increasingly alarmed about the political implications of an international central bank in the absence of an international government; to have international bureaucracy with the power to initiate open market operations in member countries (as Triffin has proposed) or to determine the pattern of world exchange rates (as suggested by J. E. Meade) would give an immense degree of power to a small group of men with no direct responsibility to any electorate. If we create a world central bank before we have some sort of effective world government, we are in danger of giving a degree of power to the bankers which is unprecedented—even in the days when it was considered that national central banks must be independent of the government.

The other doubt I have about the radical position is that it fails to take sufficient account of the fact that the conservatives on this matter are the people in power. Cornford, in his *Micro-cosmographica Academica*, defined the conservative as the man who is never willing to do anything for the first time. If we simply put up far-reaching radical schemes, they will be politely ignored; what we must do is take advantage of the fact that things are always being done for the first time—that the conservatives never get their way. What we must do is see that, when

things are done for the first time and precedents are established, they leave the way open for movement toward an ideal system.

Looked at in this way, I see the Bernstein type of plan as being much more than a *pis aller*; I see it as easily being the right step in the right direction. In Bernstein's scheme, a Reserve Settlement Account—a new agency of the I.M.F.—would be able to borrow from members by issuing to them interest-bearing notes with a gold value guarantee. These notes would have a specified maturity, but their holders would be able to use them prior to maturity in order to meet balance-of-payments deficits. The funds so acquired could be used to make loans to other members, for the purpose of a rescue operation.

Indeed I believe that weaker schemes than this would be an important step in the right direction—the schemes which amount to a formalization and consolidation of the Basle Agreement, by which the continental central banks have been supporting sterling by holding unusually large amounts of it—holdings which apparently enjoy an exchange value guarantee.

### Three Needs

In total, and ultimately, we need three things to make a satisfactory world currency system. We need a rescue operation for the key currencies; we need a single unified international currency; and we need to be able to create as much international currency as is necessary. In order of priority, the first of these (the rescue operation) is the most urgent; the second (the unified currency) is almost equally urgent; the third (the creation of more liquidity) can wait a little time. When nations have come to accept the existence of a new international currency which is just as good as gold—and in some respects better—then we can go ahead creating as much of it as we need. The right order of events is not to agree on a commitment on the part of all countries to use and hold a new currency, but to establish the new currency and demonstrate that it is an attractive thing to use and hold. The method of prior agreement means that one is always held back by the laggards; the method I prefer is the one by which bank notes and other bank-created money become accepted within nations, and ultimately replace the use of precious metal.

The encouraging feature of the present situation is that we are moving in the right direction, and that it would not demand a great deal in the way of modification to the policy and action of the conservatives to achieve the first two of my three stages in the near future. We are in the middle of a rescue operation for sterling which is probably of far greater magnitude than is generally realized; the steps being taken and likely to be taken for that purpose could, by a small diversion of their direction, lead to the creation of a new world currency which would safely supplement the use of gold. Then, once we have such a currency firmly established, we can go on to the third stage of creating more of this currency, in accordance with our needs.

So far, the rescue operation for sterling has taken the form of inter-central bank support (notably, it seems, from the much-maligned Germans). The scale of this support is unknown outside official circles, but the indications are that it may already have been on a scale not so much smaller than that of the abnormal capital inflow into London last year—a flow of at least £600,000,000. This means that, in the absence of this central bank support, a major exchange crisis would have been on the Government's hands by now.

My belief is that the Government can continue to evade such a catastrophe. But the important point for the present argument is that sterling is now 'in commission'—the situation which the Bank of England has always sought to avoid. In the past, the Bank has always been successful; despite crises, it has avoided the situation where the management of sterling was put into the hands of our creditors—never, for example, have the sterling area countries determined Britain's policy towards sterling. But now everything is different; the continentals are now almost certainly in a position where they can demand that we carry out the policies they like, or accept the consequence of an immediate and drastic loss of reserves.

For the time being, this may not be too worrying; probably

(concluded on page 172)



# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

Comings and goings

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## Building Harmony

WHEN in the late eighteen-eighties Augustus Hare came to revise his book on Florence, the latest of his inimitable guide-books to various parts of Italy, he expressed indignation about the harm then being done to the city by the architects of his generation. 'In the last few years', he wrote, 'building speculations, encouraged by the municipality, have done as much as possible to destroy the harmonious beauty of the place'. Today, remembering all the new buildings put up since Hare wrote and the many restorations made necessary by the German destructions of the last war, he would probably expostulate about this aspect of Florence at even greater length. Yet his attitude—however exaggerated in its emphasis—showed that Hare's heart was in the right place. In every generation the citizens of a town, the visitors to it, and the authors of guide-books about it, all have a duty to see that the new and the old blend harmoniously together.

In an article we print today, about the borough of Marylebone in London Mr. Ian Nairn refers to the successful way in which a recently designed building in Manchester Square has been fitted 'without subservience' into its eighteenth-century setting. But in other parts of the articles which Mr. Nairn has been writing about 'Britain's Changing Towns' he has had plenty to say about buildings that have not been fitted into their surroundings so harmoniously. And similar opinions have been expressed about most new buildings put up since the war. Yet such arguments are as old as architecture itself, and one can only reflect that a building which may startle one generation can appear to another to merge most satisfactorily into its surroundings. Few modern visitors to Rome or Venice, for instance, complain about the mixture of architectural styles to be seen in either city, yet in each the variety of the buildings could hardly be more pronounced. Permanent regret is felt only for some alteration that was entirely unnecessary, such as the attempt by Mussolini to devise a grandiose approach to St. Peter's in Rome and the consequent destruction of what for so long was the most delightful baroque effect, as the visitor would emerge from a shadowy maze of old and narrow streets and be suddenly confronted by a sun-lit piazza opening out within the arms of Bernini's colonnades.

Apart from rebuilding, Florence is a city whose inhabitants nowadays have to do more than their fair share of harmonizing the old and the new, partly because of changes in the life of the city, partly because of the traffic which swirls with an ever-increasing momentum of noise and dirt round the steps of the medieval churches and palaces. To judge from Mr. Raymond Baker's talk on another page considerable success has been achieved. But then the Florentines have always had a flair for creating harmony in a somewhat surprising way: did not the great humanist Coluccio Salutati manage to maintain in the early Renaissance that the hidden sense of pagan poetry was in agreement with the theological truth of the Bible? Yet somehow beyond their individual characteristics all these cities of Italy do seem able to retain a harmony of atmosphere about them in a way that is less familiar north of the Alps. The reason may indeed be the native artistic integrity of the Italian people. But could not their secret also derive from the longer benefit they get from the sun? It is certainly the sun that during the coming weeks of holiday time will draw so many people from Britain to Italy.

PRESIDENT NKRUMAH'S STATE VISIT to the Soviet Union ended with a big 'friendship meeting' in Moscow and a long joint communiqué. President Brezhnev said, in a widely broadcast speech at the meeting, it was a 'symbolic coincidence' that independent Ghana had been born 'in the same year that the first Soviet artificial earth satellite, rushing through the heavens, demonstrated with conspicuous clarity to the whole world the superiority of the country of socialism over the countries of capitalism, in the most important spheres of modern science and technology'. Dr. Nkrumah declared that, as he stood by Lenin's tomb, he was overwhelmed with a deep sense of reverence for the memory of 'the man through whose ideals the course of history was so decisively changed for the good of mankind'. The Commonwealth President added that 'but for the Soviet Union the colonial liberation movements in Africa would have suffered a most cruel and heartless suppression'.

The joint communiqué said, among other things, that Ghana had informed the Soviet Union of its attitude to 'the attempts being made by certain West European Powers to draw the African States into the sphere of action of the European Economic Community'. The communiqué added:

Both Governments regard the efforts of the above-mentioned Powers as a plan to tie the African countries to European imperialism.

Mr. McNamara's visit to Europe was explained in Soviet comment as aimed at intensifying the arms race and dragging America's European allies along with her. Moscow radio said that the Secretary for Defence had encountered resistance in Paris and London. Eventually, however, both had given in. A Tass commentator said it was 'not without glee' that Bonn observed Britain's mounting economic difficulties; a further increase of London's military burden would weaken still more its ability to compete in world markets with Western Germany.

Commenting on the Chancellor of the Exchequer's new measures, Moscow radio home service said they were necessitated by Britain's heavy military expenditure and were the first outcome of Britain's 'decision', under American pressure, to join the Common Market. British listeners were told that, in order to escape from its difficulties, the Tory government was preparing for a new onslaught on the working man's standard of living. The Czech news agency quoted, on the morning of the day Mr. Selwyn Lloyd made his announcement, a forecast that the cost of living in Britain would go up by about 40 per cent. The Yugoslav agency subsequently said that the measures had raised 'the price of most goods by 10 per cent.'

The *New York Times*, though better informed, thought the measures were fully as rigorous as had been predicted. The West German *Süddeutsche Zeitung* expected the Western allies to ask the Federal Republic for a higher contribution to defence in view of the burden borne by Britain and America; it did not think this request could be refused.

A speech broadcast by the President of Colombia had something to say about the Cuban problem for Latin America. The President said that, when the Cuban revolution started, little attention was paid to one of its objects—the spreading of its principles to other Latin-American countries. Dr. Fidel Castro's movement had aroused much sympathy at a time when the Latin American Governments found it impossible to satisfy the people's needs and felt frustrated. The U.S.A.'s unilateral action, according to the Colombian President, helped to transform Dr. Castro's revolution into a 'socialist revolution'. Meanwhile United States economic co-operation with Latin America had deteriorated; if progress had been made, the American countries would have defended their system more vigorously against the threat of Soviet penetration, which already had a beach-head in the hemisphere. The President concluded that the American system would not endure, if it was not used against the obvious danger of 'a new imperialism from abroad'.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

STANLEY MAYES



# Did You Hear That?

## MOTHER HUBBARD

'MY HOME is in Yealmpton, which lies about seven miles east of Plymouth', said KENNETH SPARROW in 'Woman's Hour' from the West Region. 'Its claim to fame is that here, in 1805, the favourite of all nursery rhymes was written — *Old Mother Hubbard*. You may be surprised to learn that it was "written" at all—deliberately and by a known person—instead of coming into existence goodness knows how or when, like so many other children's rhymes. Its full title was *The Comic Adventures of Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog*.

'The original Old Mother Hubbard was the housekeeper at Kitley, a mansion built of silvery grey Devonshire limestone, standing in beautiful parkland near the estuary of the River Yealm. For generations it has been the home of the Bastard family, and the owner at the beginning of the nineteenth century was John Polloxfen Bastard, M.P. for Totnes. His wife had a sister, Sarah Catherine Martin, who often stayed at Kitley. Like all good aunts, she had lots of fun with her nieces and nephews. She played games with them and told them stories, but what pleased them most was when she made up amusing rhymes or nonsense verses which she illustrated with lightning sketches as she went along.

'The tradition is that once when Sarah went into her brother-in-law's study and started to joke with him he was somewhat irritated by her cheerful interruption of his work, and said with some force: "Oh, go away and write one of your silly little rhymes". She took him at his word and wrote *The Comic Adventures of Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog*, adding her own illustrations. She had her manuscript printed secretly by a London publisher and eventually presented it to her brother-in-law as a surprise on his birthday in June, 1805.

'The publisher who produced this single presentation copy realized the possibilities, and in 1806 asked permission to publish a first edition of 10,000 copies.. Since then countless thousands of copies of the rhyme must have been printed. Sarah Martin's original manuscript is now in America, but I have seen and handled the original presentation copy, which is in the library at Kitley. It is a small and beautifully produced book. The rhymes are placed at the top of the page and the author's illustrations (they are woodcuts) are underneath. Each woodcut shows Mother Hubbard and her dog, performing one of his feats—some of which were truly remarkable. I suppose it is the funny things the dog did which have always given children so much pleasure: either he was feeding the cat, riding a goat, smoking a pipe, or dressed like an eighteenth-century courtier with lace frill at the wrist.

'Bound into the presentation copy of the Mother Hubbard rhyme is another set of verses which Miss

Martin wrote in 1806. This set is called *A Continuation of the Comic Adventures of Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog*. This time romance creeps in, and the dog woos and wins a bride—probably a spaniel living on the estate. He dances with her, plays chess with her, buys her a ring, and eventually marries her.



Mother Hubbard's cottage at Yealmpton, Devon

R. Winstone

'Sarah Catherine Martin never married, but she had her romance—twenty years before the Mother Hubbard rhyme was written. Sarah was the daughter of Sir Henry Martin, Resident Commissioner of the Navy at Portsmouth. In 1785 Prince William Henry, afterwards King William IV, was a lieutenant serving on board one of the ships stationed there. He was a frequent visitor to the Martins' home and fell in love with Sarah, who at that time was seventeen and a very attractive girl. He asked her to marry him, but she declined his offer. Had she accepted him, she might have become Queen of England; and then, I suppose, the Mother Hubbard rhyme would not have been written.

'What of the actual housekeeper, the historical Mother Hubbard? I am afraid she remains nothing but a name. However, if you pass through Yealmpton, anyone will point out her cottage to you—a lovely old thatched cottage in the centre of the village.

And, to complete your visit, you should see the church. It also has its place in this story, because in 1913 its tower was entirely rebuilt by subscriptions from children, all over the world, who had read in a magazine that Old Mother Hubbard's church was in need of repair'.

## BATTLE AT LONGLEAT

A sinister little enemy, the death-watch beetle, is at work at Longleat House, near Warminster, the ancestral home of the Marquesses of Bath. ANTHONY SMITH, a B.B.C. reporter, described in 'The Eye-witness' how the battle against these insects is being waged.

"With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch, And chamber-maids christen this worm 'The Deathwatch', Because like a watch it always cries 'Click', And woe be to those in a house who are sick,



Drawing from the title-page of the presentation copy of *The Comic Adventures of Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog* (1805) in the possession of Colonel Reginald Bastard at Kitley  
From 'The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes' by I. and P. Opie (Oxford)



For sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost, If the maggot cries 'Click' When it scratches the post". That', he said, 'is how Dean Swift described the superstition attached to the death-watch beetle, *Anobium striatum*. The "clicking" noise is made by the beetles knocking the lower part of their heads on the wood. Superstition apart, I have seen evidence of the immense damage that the burrowings of the larva of this beetle can

about £80,000, and the present Lord Bath told me that he was sure the work would not be completed in his lifetime'

### MIGRATING BUTTERFLIES

'When you next see that strikingly handsome butterfly, the Red Admiral', said ERIC ROBERTS in 'Today' (Home Service), 'soaking up the sun on a buddleia, or perhaps just basking on a wall, you might care to reflect on the startling fact that this fragile creature may possibly have come to join you from well south of the Mediterranean.

'Few people realize that every year hundreds of thousands of butterflies make their way over here from the Continent, from North Africa, and even farther south than that. Some of them continue the journey as far north as Iceland—a remarkable achievement for a creature that looks as if it might disintegrate in a puff of wind.

'The Painted Lady is another butterfly that makes this long trip every summer. So does the Clouded Yellow, and the rarer Pale Clouded Yellow, which, by the way, holds the distinction of being the fastest flyer among all our butterflies. Their particular route is over the mountain passes of Switzerland, on through France to the coast of Normandy, and finally across the Channel to the south of England. And if they should happen to be feeling a little tired on the last lap they are prepared to come down and take a brief rest on the water, provided it is not too rough.

'As soon as the butterflies get here the first job, as far as the females are concerned, is to start a family. This means selecting the right plant on which to lay the eggs—a vitally important matter because the caterpillars that will eventually hatch must find themselves confronted with the correct food. The Red Admiral, who lays her eggs on nettles, even shows consideration for the youngsters

she will never see by choosing young plants in preference to old ones, knowing that the caterpillars will thrive better on tender leaves than on tough ones. The butterfly picks out the correct species of plant by first detecting the scent with her antennae, and then making a double check by stamping about on the leaf with her front legs. One can often see a butterfly doing this. Because her feet are extraordinarily sensitive she can actually tell the difference in texture between one leaf and another, and in this way she knows without doubt whether the plant is the right one or not.

'A butterfly's sensitivity is developed to an astonishingly high degree, not only in its ability to pick up scent and to determine the texture of a leaf by feel, but also in the matter of taste. In the way of sweetness the very most the human tongue can manage to detect is one part in 200. But a butterfly has no difficulty in detecting sugar in a mixture of one part in 300,000'.



How roof joists in Cirencester parish church were treated for death-watch beetle

do to woodwork. I had read that the Ministry of Works had offered to pay half the cost of repairing damage done to Longleat House by death-watch beetles, and my curiosity was aroused. How much damage had been done to this fine old house, built originally for Sir John Thynne between 1558 and 1580? What was it going to cost to put right? How long would it take to restore the house fully?

'As yet, no one knows the extent of the damage, and in time a systematic investigation will be carried out. For the moment the search is confined to rooms at the top of the house. I went up several flights of stairs to the small rooms that were once used as servants' quarters. There some workmen were ripping up floorboards and then giving every joist a thorough and close examination. These joists are no ordinary joists, many of them measure some fifteen inches by fifteen inches, and as the men prodded them with iron bars I watched this once-sturdy timber crumble into powder. When the powdered wood had been removed the joist remained, but it was no more than a shadow of its original form.

'I was told that the tendency was for the beetle to attack the ends of the wood, and this means that steel supports have to be fitted, for it is the ends which rest on the brickwork. When the wood has been scraped, a solution is wiped on which I was told would keep the beetle away for all time. The estimate for the cost of repairs is



Left to right: Painted Lady butterfly on a thistle; a female Red Admiral 'stamping about' on the surface of a nettle leaf with her front legs before laying eggs; and a Clouded Yellow butterfly on clover

L. Hugh Newman



# The Council and the Chalkpit

J. A. G. GRIFFITH on an exercise in the administrative process

At the end of 1957, the owners of land in Essex applied to the Saffron Walden Rural District Council for permission to develop the land by digging chalk. The Council refused the application, and the owners appealed to the Minister of Housing and Local Government, who sent down one of his inspectors to hold a local inquiry. At this inquiry, adjoining landowners argued that the appeal should be dismissed and the permission not granted, on the ground that there was a serious danger of chalk dust being deposited on their land in quantities which would harm their crops and livestock. Much of the inquiry was taken up with expert evidence and cross-examination on this specific question. In December 1958, the inspector reported to his Minister and recommended in favour of the adjoining landowners. Nine months later, the Minister rejected his inspector's recommendation, and allowed the appeal, and gave permission for the chalkpit to be worked.

The adjoining landowners then applied to the High Court to set aside the Minister's decision, principally on the ground that the Minister had relied on advice which he had asked for and received from experts in the Ministry of Agriculture *after* the local inquiry had been closed and the inspector had made his recommendation. Whether or not this would have been a good ground, in law, for setting aside the Minister's decision was not determined as the High Court held that only persons who had some legal property right in the land under dispute could apply to the High Court. To be an owner of *adjoining* land was not enough.

## Debate in Parliament

The complaint was then taken up by the Council on Tribunals who reported on it to the Lord Chancellor. Discussion and debate in Parliament followed, but both the Lord Chancellor and the Minister of Housing insisted that nothing improper had occurred. The disappointment of the adjoining landowners amounted to a feeling of injustice. They clearly felt that if they could persuade the Minister's inspector, faced with conflicting evidence and hearing the cross-examination of expert witnesses, that their arguments should prevail, the Minister ought not to be able to hear, in private, the opinion of other experts and to be persuaded by them.

To understand the nature of this feeling of injustice, we must return to 1957. In that year the report was published of the Committee on Administrative Tribunals and Inquiries—commonly called the Franks Committee after its chairman, Sir Oliver Franks. The Committee considered the problem of 'new factual evidence'. It said this:

One of the main causes of dissatisfaction . . . is that after the inquiry, when the parties no longer have any further influence upon the course of events, fresh evidence or new opinions may be sought by or placed before the Department of the deciding Minister, and that this new matter may well determine the final decision.

## The Committee recommended:

The Minister should be under a statutory obligation to submit to the parties concerned, for their observations, any factual evidence, whether from his own or another Department or from an outside source, which he obtains after the inquiry. In the definition of factual evidence for the purposes of this recommendation we include expert opinion on matters of fact but not expert assistance in the evaluation of technical evidence given at the inquiry.

The Government accepted most of the recommendations of the Franks Committee. This recommendation it accepted in these words:

If new factual evidence is brought to the Minister's notice from any source after an inquiry, and in his view it may be a

material factor in the decision, he will give the parties an opportunity of commenting on it. If the Minister considers it necessary, the inquiry will be reopened.

One of the major complaints of the adjoining landowners in the chalkpit case was that this understanding had not been followed, that they never knew what was the nature of the expert evidence given by the Ministry of Agriculture, and that they certainly had no opportunity of commenting on it.

## Twofold Reply from the Government

The reply of the Government to this was twofold. First, the Lord Chancellor said in the House of Lords on April 20 of this year that the Government had never accepted the distinction drawn by the Committee between expert opinion on matters of fact and expert assistance in the evaluation of technical evidence. 'The Government', he said, 'have always been clear that new factual evidence which ought to be disclosed could not include technical or other advice given by government officials on the issues raised at the inquiry and on the weight to be attached to evidence submitted there'. Subsequently the Lord Chancellor agreed that it was 'perhaps unfortunate' that the Government had not made clear, when it accepted the recommendation of the Franks Committee, that it did not accept this distinction. The second reply of the Government was that in this case, in any event, what was obtained from the Ministry of Agriculture was evaluation of technical evidence and not expert opinion on matters of fact.

It is admitted that when the Minister comes to consider the recommendation of his inspector, he must in the ordinary case be free not to accept it. But generally it had been supposed that, where the Minister departed from the view of his inspector, this was because he had to take into account matters, such as those of governmental policy, which were not in issue at the inquiry. In this case virtually the whole question for the Minister's decision—whether the working of chalk would be harmful to adjoining landowners—was fully discussed at the inquiry. It is this fact which makes the Minister's disagreement with his inspector's recommendation most pointed. It may be that the rule ought to be established that the Minister will accept his inspector's view on those matters on which the inspector hears the evidence. This would still leave the Minister free to come to a different conclusion on other, often more general, grounds.

## The Council on Tribunals

Let us look next at the position of the Council on Tribunals. The Council was established as the result of another recommendation of the Franks Committee implemented by an Act of Parliament of 1958. That Act provided that the Council should consist of ten to fifteen members appointed by the Lord Chancellor and the Secretary of State for Scotland. The present chairman is Lord Tenby. The Council is concerned with two separate matters. The first is the supervision of the constitution and working of statutory tribunals and particular matters relating to these bodies, and the second, which is the relevant matter here, is to consider and report on matters referred to them or matters which the Council may determine to be of special importance with respect to administrative procedures involving the holding by or on behalf of a Minister of statutory inquiries. The reports of the Council, so far as England and Wales are concerned, go to the Lord Chancellor. It is important that the Act provides that the Council may take up matters on their own initiative, and it was this provision under which they acted in this case of the chalkpit.

It was in effect the first case the Council had to consider under this head, and the procedure they adopted was therefore of the greatest interest and importance. This is the institution closest



to that of the Scandinavian Ombudsman—an officer, in those countries, acting under Parliament for the investigation of grievances or injustices felt by ordinary members of the public who are affected by decisions of government departments. This Scandinavian institution has been much discussed in this country in recent years because it is felt by many that the methods of seeking to have grievances considered are inadequate at present. The courts are available for certain types of complaints but, as we have seen in this chalkpit case, their powers are limited to specific illegalities and are not open to all kinds of complainants. Members of Parliament are also available but they have no powers to force the investigation of complaints and must, in the last resort, accept the replies they receive, in and out of Parliament, from the central departments concerned. The idea of the Ombudsman is to create an official investigator of authority and influence whom every public officer in a central department feels obliged to satisfy. So it is supplementary to and does not replace either the courts or the Houses of Parliament.

### How the Council Operated

The Council on Tribunals acts as such a supplement but, until the present case, no one was quite clear how the Council would operate. What seems to have happened was this. When the Council first became aware of the matter—and it is not clear precisely how they did become aware of it—they considered the complaint of the adjoining landowners that the Minister of Housing and Local Government had acted improperly in not revealing to the complainants the nature of the advice he had received from the Ministry of Agriculture. The Council then, in accordance with the Act, reported the matter to the Lord Chancellor. The next event known to the general public—and perhaps to the Council—was the first statement made by the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords on April 20. On April 26 the Council considered this statement and announced: 'The Council is concerned at the departure from the recommendations of the Franks Report which the Lord Chancellor's reply now discloses, and accordingly proposes to pursue the matter further with the Lord Chancellor as a matter of urgency'. The Lord Chancellor at once wrote to the Council a letter which was made public. It said that he was ready to discuss with the Council the issues arising out of the case at the earliest moment practicable. This discussion took place but it is not known what transpired. Then on May 8, the Lord Chancellor replied to a debate in the House of Lords in which he added little to what he had previously stated.

In the early hours of May 17, the Minister of Housing and Local Government replied to an adjournment debate in the House of Commons in which he defended his action. On May 24 the Council on Tribunals issued a statement. This said that the Council considered that the difficult question of fresh advice or evidence which Ministers ought properly to take into account after inquiries urgently required further study and that some general guidance about it should be published both for the information of the public and for the assistance of government departments; and that the Council intended to make a report to the Lord Chancellor and the Secretary of State for Scotland on the whole problem of handling new factual evidence and on the application of the principles laid down in the report of the Franks Committee.

### Conclusions to be Drawn

Many members of the public have been watching with interest to see what the Council on Tribunals would make of this first public brush with the central departments. What conclusions can be drawn? First it must be said in fairness to the Council that their statutory powers are small. They cannot of course reverse or vary a decision made by a Minister of the Crown, and there must be few who would wish the Council to have this power. Ministers must govern the country and be responsible to Parliament and to the public. No one else can take administrative decisions of this kind. Secondly, the Council have no statutory powers to investigate complaints by summoning witnesses or calling for documents—they have no power, as the Courts have, of issuing a subpoena or administering an oath. Their statutory power is 'to consider and report' to the Lord Chancellor. The Lord Chancellor has many functions: he is a Cabinet Minister

and therefore his is a political appointment; he presides over the House of Lords. But he is also an eminent lawyer and the head of the judiciary and it seems clear that his appointment as the person to whom the Council was to report was because of his judicial position and attributes rather than his political or legislative functions.

What happened when the Lord Chancellor received the original report from the Council on this matter? How was the matter handled between the Lord Chancellor and the Ministers concerned? Did the Lord Chancellor act, in relation to his colleagues, in his position as head of the Judiciary or as a member of the Cabinet? Did he consider that his function was primarily to examine the facts as dispassionately and objectively as he would if he were sitting as a judge on a matter concerning the proper limits of government power and the proper conduct of administrative procedure? Or did he consider the extent to which the political reputation of the Government was at stake? This is not to suggest, even remotely, that the Lord Chancellor acted unfairly or covered up for a colleague. It is to ask what sort of attitude the Lord Chancellor thought it was his duty to adopt. As Lord Silkin said in the House of Lords' debate:

It is an embarrassing duty to impose on one member of the Government to adjudicate on the conduct of one of his colleagues. To a lesser and less objective man than the noble and learned Viscount on the Woolsack it would have been an almost impossible task. I should not dream of making any charge against the noble and learned Viscount of lack of objectiveness in his statement. Nevertheless, the general public could be excused if they took the view that 'dog does not eat dog', if I may use that expression, and that it was only to be expected that the noble and learned Viscount would, out of loyalty, use his great skill to exonerate his colleague.

### Heart of the Constitutional Problem

This brings us to the heart of the constitutional problem. When the Council on Tribunals was established, it was given the function of looking at established tribunals and seeing how they could be improved. This does not really touch Ministers or civil servants or policy—for tribunals are designed to be largely independent of departments. It is difficult to see how, on a report to the Lord Chancellor concerning tribunals, the department could be involved politically or be subject to damaging criticism. But the other function—that concerned with local inquiries—is a different matter. For the local inquiry precedes a departmental decision and also deals with far more explosive material: compulsory purchase of land, planning permission, slum clearance. In these cases, an adverse report by the Council to the Lord Chancellor is a criticism of the department and therefore of the Minister. There is no escape from this. And, as matters stand at present, the Lord Chancellor must adjudicate on the conduct of one of his colleagues or be the mouthpiece for that colleague's defence.

I have already mentioned that the most a Member of Parliament can do when he receives a complaint from a constituent is to press the Minister in and out of Parliament for a remedy. No doubt the Minister will make his own investigation within his department but the Member has no ways of enforcing an independent inquiry except in an extreme case. Some of us had hoped that the Council on Tribunals might perform this function, even though their powers are limited. When they first received the complaint, they seem not to have investigated. In particular, they do not seem to have asked the alleged culprit—the Minister of Housing and Local Government—what he had to say in his defence. Had they done this *before* making a report to the Lord Chancellor, they would have forced the Minister to take one of two courses.

He could have said that he was not responsible to the Council but only to Parliament and that he did not propose to make any defence to the Council. He would have undoubtedly been within his constitutional rights to have so replied but he might have thought this was politically unwise. Had he nevertheless done this—that is, refused to answer to the Council—the purpose, status, and function of the Council would have been most sharply put to the test.

Alternatively, the Minister could have sent his observations to the Council. Then the Council, when reporting to the Lord Chancellor, would have been able to adopt an adjudicating role—



determining between the rival statements of the individual complainants on the one hand and the Minister on the other. Then the Lord Chancellor would much more easily have been able to adopt an independent position although in the last resort the decision would still have had to rest on voting in Parliament with, no doubt, the government view prevailing. But the view of the Council on Tribunals would have been publicly known and it would have been based on a proper evaluation of both sides of the argument. The Council would have been strengthened thereby and, perhaps most importantly, this procedure would have affected the way in which the department under examination stated its defence.

The real issue, however, is whether we in this country are

prepared to accept, perhaps as an experiment, the idea of an independent inquisitorial body with the power to ask Ministers to justify their actions. This must be a limited idea. It must not take the place of Parliament, the press, and other public institutions where the policy of Ministers is criticized. But there are two sorts of complaint, often closely connected, which do not appear to be adequately catered for in our present system. The first is the complaint that a particular procedure has worked unfairly. The second is that an individual has suffered, as the result of administrative action, to an extent which others in a similar position have not suffered. The Council could not directly force the department to alter its decisions. But its independent criticism, after investigation, would have considerable influence.

—Third Programme

## Britain's Changing Towns—IX

# The Borough of St. Marylebone—II

By IAN NAIRN

**N**ORTH of Regent's Park, Marylebone has another famous monument to the Picturesque, but it is not on the same level. St. John's Wood, the northern part of the borough, was all built over between about 1820 and 1845. There are leafy roads, and pretty detached villas in all styles (one of the nicest, in Boundary Road, is Moorish), but the overall landscapers' eye was missing, and the vignettes remain vignettes. And the twentieth century has not been kind to this gentle landscape: blocks of flats have been rammed in without a thought for the scale, yet without creating any worth-while new environment of their own. The original effect can be seen in only a few streets, and the pattern of these ought now to be rigorously respected: Carlton Hill and Acacia Road are about the best of them.

St. John's Wood is a light, pleasant *affaire* that hurts nobody. The next Marylebone building is utter passion, the kind that shatters lives into fragments. If any building can be called an act of love, it is William Butterfield's All Saints, Margaret Street. It



A villa in St. John's Wood (c. 1830)



The penguin pool at the Zoo, 'a masterpiece of concrete construction', built in the nineteen-thirties

was supposed to be a model for the mid-nineteenth-century Camden Society, but those gentle good men got more than they bargained for with Mr. Butterfield. He was thirty-five, he had not built a big church before, he was intensely sincere and utterly unforgiving. The sincerity ensured a masterpiece; the fatal hardness—he used to correct his pupils' drawings in ink so that they had to start all over again—ensured that he never afterwards equalled it. From the street, it is a small asymmetrical courtyard, flanked by houses and a tall spire, with red and black bricks everywhere. One enormous pinnacle thrusts down in the middle of the aisle, fully moulded inner and outer arches only two feet apart frame the entrance door which is rammed into one corner of the courtyard. This is the architecture of obsessive passion, tremendous and doomed, where no gift is too much and half an hour apart from the beloved seems like a year. There is the same passion in every uncomfortable proportion of the interior too, but Butterfield could not expect his decorators to feel at the same intensity, and the frescoes are back on more familiar ground. However, he managed to inspire his carvers, and so the stiff-leaf



capitals are genuinely nineteenth-century, something which is difficult to credit until you have seen it. The only comparable parallel in those comfortably optimistic years is not a building at all, but a novel—*Wuthering Heights*.

One building at this intensity of experience would be all most cities could expect. Marylebone has two, though the other is as gentle as Butterfield was wild and intolerant. St. Cyprian, Clarence Gate, is a small towerless brick church just off the top end of Baker Street. It might promise, perhaps, an honest, careful interior. What it provides is a sunburst of gold and white and all-embracing love. It was designed by Sir Ninian Comper, in 1903\*, and the moment you go in the door you know everything is absolutely right. White arcades, glowing gold reredos and rood, towering gold font cover, gleaming polished floor, proportions so sweet that they cause an instant rush of affection. It would convert an agnostic to religion or a puritan to art, for the aesthetic and religious impulses are quite indivisible; and this is a very rare thing indeed.

With St. Cyprian's we are in the twentieth century; and if there are no more orgasms or sunbursts there is a remarkable amount of civilized, humane architecture. Most of it has gone up in the last ten years; and of the years before the Festival only three things need a mention here. Two of them are super-blocks in Oxford Street—that is, a whole block taken up by a single building. Though they are in wildly different styles, both are self-consistent and both better than any post-war attempt to design on this scale. Selfridge's, begun in 1908, was probably due to Daniel Burnham, the Chicago architect who earned short-term success while his lifelong opponent, Louis Sullivan, received long-term honour. It is in the grossest kind of Edwardian Baroque, and hence probably unpalatable for a few more years yet, but it is big scale and assured and tells as much of its construction as the bleakest of functional buildings. The construction has giant columns on it, but that is only a manner of speaking: Mies attached extra members to the steel frame in his Commonwealth Apartments for the sake of the modelling. The second superblock sheaths its construction entirely in brick, but is equally honest in its quite different way: the Mount Royal Hotel, built in 1932 by Francis Lorne, with smooth corners and long horizontal bands containing the windows—not a very tractable vocabulary, but exactly suited to this scale.

The third pre-war building is entirely different. It houses penguins, not people, and I wish architects would give human beings credit for having as much sense of fun as these black and white funnies (to be fair, many architects would love their clients to give them the chance). Beautifully painted after a period of neglect, the Penguin Pool at the Zoo is a masterpiece of concrete construction. Elliptical outer walls are painted white and maroon, and enclose a magical spiral ramp in the centre used as a penguin-slide. The architects were Tecton, a famous group partnership of the nineteen-thirties under Berthold Lubetkin. Did a group really design it, or was it someone's *idée fixe*, worked out as single-mindedly as Michelangelo might have done? It would be nice to know.

In the last ten years the borough has been quickly filling up

with good building, the sort of building that in the past has gone to make Ludlow and York the splendid places that they are. In a way this is far more important than possessing a few masterpieces, because fate decides genius anyway, but we make our own average standard, high or low.

Our great architectural achievement since the war has been in school buildings. Marylebone with a static population and not much bomb-damage has not needed many. The biggest is the combined Quintin and Kynaston grammar schools on the Finchley Road, by Edward Mills, humane and decent but a little lumbering: what makes it worth a special visit is the landscaping by Peter Shephard. The most striking is Leonard Manasseh's Rutherford school in Bell Street near the Edgware Road: more striking alas in pictures than in the flesh. The strange collection of



Flats built in 1954 in Boundary Road, 'among the best in London'

roof objects like a Hindoo observatory which excites when isolated by the photographer simply looks bewildered above a long expanse of curtain walling, like a card game in which three people are playing contract bridge and the fourth is playing solo.

Not much new housing has been needed either: but one of the schemes is among the best in London, a pair of serrated terraces of flats (1954) and maisonettes (1956) in Boundary Road by Armstrong and MacManus. The plan is elegant, with staircases at each serration, the stock-brick detail beautifully simple, the surroundings well landscaped. It is a model of what happens if you let good design come naturally instead of puffing and blowing after architectural effects.

Marylebone's speciality, of course, is new offices. These have peppered the

whole area up to the Marylebone Road, and nearly all of the good ones seem to have been designed by one firm—Gollins, Melvin and Ward, the architects of the new parts of Sheffield University. They introduced curtain-walling into office design in 1956 with a pair of buildings facing each other in New Cavendish Street, one with green panels and a narrow rhythm of mullions, the other with white panels and a rhythm exactly twice as wide. Then in Castrol House in Marylebone Road opposite the Marylebone Town Hall they applied it on a much larger scale (after preliminary plans by Sir Hugh Casson and Neville Conder) with a slender twelve-storey slab resting on a two-storey podium covering the whole of the block.

Curtain-walling, so far from being an automatic system which dispenses with individuality, is in fact an instrument requiring the most intricate and precise calculation if it is to succeed: an architecture of hairlines. And by these standards, Castrol House, though very good, is not a masterpiece in the sense in which the Lever building in New York, the very first curtain-walled slab of all, is a masterpiece. It is a matter of roof details, panel colours, profiling of mullions—and by an irony that oldest of architectural problems faced so many years ago by the Greeks in their temples, of making what is in fact really vertical look vertical also†. The podium is a complete success, sweetly and elegantly detailed, with one brilliant touch: the doors to Martin's Bank, which are actually a brutal abstract sculpture by Geoffrey Clark. The sculptor has not compromised his integrity, the bank has got its doors, a bit of the environment has been

\* Another church of the same date would be worth mention in a less prolific borough: Sir Walter Tapper's Annunciation of 1913 in Old Quebec Street, behind Marble Arch.—I.N. † A problem we have not even begun to solve. The extreme case is State House in Holborn which with its prodigiously heavy external frame actually seems to lean inwards and outwards at the same time. Perhaps the best way would be to try and exploit these effects à la Borromini.—I.N.





Kellogg House, an office block in Paddington Street, from three different angles

Photographs: Ian Nairn

made expressive; and this kind of multiple success is worth all the applied mural panels in the world.

Gollins, Melvin and Ward's most successful building in Marylebone is their most recent, and reverts to a faced exposed concrete frame filled with granite and purple bricks. It solves completely one of the most difficult of all modern problems—how to fit in without subservience in an eighteenth-century square. E.M.I. House in Manchester Square is not in the same style, not of the same height; it does not even preserve the same street line (it is at one of the corners and is set back: by doing so it can be higher than the rest). But it does catch the rhythm of the square exactly.

The building I want to end with is not trying to be anything but a routine job of work. It is an office block called Kellogg

House in Paddington Street, by Richard Seifert, whose firm I would guess must at the moment be building at least twenty office blocks in London. It is, if you like, a bread-and-butter job: yet by being careful with the detail, and particularly with the siting, at forty-five degrees to the surrounding street grid, it is an addition to the townscape which cheers you up every time you see it. For the everyday pattern of living that is the most important thing architecture can do for the passer-by, and Marylebone is full of these inflections.

Enlightened colleges sometimes lend modern pictures to undergraduates at a small charge to brighten the walls of their lodgings. I wish Marylebone could make a travelling exhibition out of its modern buildings and send them on tours to some of our more benighted provincial towns. They badly need it.

## Broadcasting in East Africa

By DERRICK SINGTON

THE first thing one realizes about broadcasting in East Africa is that it is severely limited by the poverty of the population. The average annual income per head in Tanganyika is £18; in Kenya £30. Only one in 110 persons has a set in Tanganyika, only one in 50 in Kenya. Licence receipts are small; and as in all under-developed countries the territorial treasuries (which must largely support broadcasting) have to face many claims on sparse resources. Britain's Colonial Development and Welfare Fund has contributed about £750,000 towards the cost of radio installations in Tanganyika, Kenya, Uganda, and Zanzibar. A large part of the annual revenue for broadcasting in East Africa has to be raised by radio advertising; but this, too, is a limited source in under-developed lands.

And yet the power of broadcasting in these countries of East Africa is much greater than the economic handicaps seem to imply. Illiteracy is actually a favourable factor. Inability to read newspapers is a spur to radio-listening. The African tradition of 'the story-teller', the literate man, who passes on what he reads, has created trained group-listeners. While I was in Kenya, 600 Africans, listening to a radio loud-speaker in a village coffee-shop, blocked the entire roadway. One school in Nyanza Province, Kenya, with a radio, opens its doors daily to 300 village listeners to the 7.0 a.m. news. Last year a restaurateur in Dar-es-Salaam unwisely refused to admit a crowd clamouring to hear the broadcast of a speech by the Chief Minister, Julius Nyerere. He sustained considerable damage to his furniture.

One of the remarkable things about East Africa is the avidity with which political news is followed and listened to by all sections of the community. This is borne out by opinion surveys in both Tanganyika and Kenya. One is repeatedly surprised by the

political interest of Africans everywhere. In a little tavern in Arusha, Tanganyika, a young African clerk said to me: 'All the world is political. We want to hear only news—about the Congo, about the United Nations, about Kenya! Today all eyes are on Africa'. This youth wanted news bulletins to be repeated several times in each programme. In an African coffee-grower's shack on the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro I found a Pye radio set. Its owner—who had never been to school—told me he listened with particular interest to talks about the new Tanganyika constitution! Radio sets are not uncommon in the kraals of Africans labouring on European or Indian farms. They can be paid for in instalments—sometimes on the security of the word of a tribal chief.

The Kenya Broadcasting Service and the Tanganyika Broadcasting Corporation are both based on the B.B.C. 'public service policy' of informing objectively and ventilating all views. Their first Directors are B.B.C. men, and Kenya radio's handling of the country's crucial elections in February 1961 owed much to B.B.C. experience of publicizing the democratic hurly-burly with strict impartiality. These Kenya elections were much more complex than a British general election. The seven competing political parties were each allotted three election broadcasts by spokesmen of their choice; independent candidates each had a shorter period on the air. As there were in effect two Kenya elections—a primary one to elect candidates from each race for Special Seats, and then the general election, with all three races voting together—the political parties were permitted to choose whether to broadcast before the primaries or before the general election. Moreover, since there are three Kenya regional stations—each one broadcasting in different groups of languages—the parties could select any one of them for their third election talk. And this reflected



the tribal and racial diversity of Kenya, and the fact that English, as a *lingua franca*, is limited.

So as to give no Kenya political party the advantage of speaking 'the last word', after having heard all the others, every election broadcast was recorded beforehand. Balloting decided the order in which the party broadcasts were transmitted. Radio coverage of the campaigning and the polling in Kenya was thorough, involving nearly 5,000 miles of travel by African, Asian, and European reporters. A great deal of interest was shown by Kenyans of all races in the election broadcasts—and not only among townspeople. A European teacher, visiting a remote bit of coast, found a group of African fishermen and dhow-repairers, unsupplied with newspapers, listening to an election candidate's broadcast on an ancient, not too serviceable, wireless set. Several hundred election speeches were reported on the Kenya radio, but only two politicians complained of inaccuracies—and this in a country where political feeling ran high.

In the early days, radio in East Africa was largely the voicepiece of the Colonial Administrations. It is not, therefore, surprising that many Europeans in Kenya, who object to the pace of political change, find the expression of African nationalism 'on the air' uncongenial. When African, Asian, and European school-children were asked at the microphone for their views on the 1961 elections, quite a number of European grown-ups reacted disapprovingly. And broadcast discussions by Kenya leaders of all races on the issue of 'one man, one vote' startled and amazed certain European listeners. But political forums and reports—so familiar on B.B.C. sound radio—are now a well-established feature of all East African broadcasting. And they are welcomed by liberal-minded Europeans, as well as by African and Asian listeners. Tanganyika radio's equivalent of 'The Week in Westminster' now has a very high popularity rating. And the Tanganyika educational broadcasts in English for secondary schools—warmly supported by the African Minister of Education—include regular talks about current affairs.

But how is this powerful political medium regarded by African nationalist leaders when the handing over of power to them is approaching? Do they see radio as having been hitherto 'an instrument of colonialism' to be quickly transformed after the African advent of power? Not many years ago African nationalists undoubtedly viewed the broadcasting systems in their countries with hostility. For radio, at one time, was largely concerned with publicizing the policies of British Administrators who were often at loggerheads with Nationalism. But, rather surprisingly, today old memories do not seem to be counted against the broadcasting systems for villainy. Attitudes towards radio at present appear to reflect a peaceful transfer of power based on 'common ground'. The African leaders, who are either taking over, or will before long take over, broadcasting, seem to respect its present basis in their countries as 'a genuine article' which has, in recent years at least, been above the political fray and reasonably impartial.

Probably the principal reservation of African leaders is not over colonialist bias or lack of nationalist expression in broadcasting, as it has hitherto existed. The main criticism of the Tanganyika leaders, for instance, is that the established principle of fair play 'on the air' to minorities, if allowed to run riot, could exacerbate tribal and racial antagonisms and even spark off violence. Julius Nyerere, the Tanganyika Prime Minister, told me that he wants broadcasting in Tanganyika 'to reflect all shades of

opinion'. 'We need criticism of government policies, over road-building, irrigation developments, the timing of elections and many other things', he said. No doubt he would give credit to Tanganyika radio's programme, in some ways equivalent to 'The Archers' of the B.B.C., in which farmers and experts discuss the agricultural problems of different regions of the country. But this programme as well as the Tanganyika Radio Doctor and Women's Programme (which stresses child welfare) will need to be made more stringent if they are to be rated criticism as distinct from official exhortation and exposition.

On the dangers of the 'wrong kind' of political free speech, however, Nyerere was forthright. 'In our emergent society we can't afford criticism or attacks which arouse racialism or tribalism', he said. This understandable preoccupation with the need to

prevent disorder and disunity could, however, develop after independence into a determination to use radio as 'an instrument for welding together a united nation'. That is the danger-point when selectivity or suppression in news presentation becomes a temptation.

Purely as a technical operation, broadcasting in East Africa presents fascinating problems. Linguistic diversity is one of them. Kenya radio provides transmissions in no fewer than twenty different languages. The tribes of Nyanza Province in the north-west are served by a regional station at Kisumu which broadcasts in Swahili, Kalenjin, Kisii, Luo, and Luhya. The Mombasa regional station which serves the Arabized



Members of the African broadcasting services during a course at the B.B.C. training school in London

coastal strip puts out programmes in Arabic, Kimvita, and Swahili. The National Service from Nairobi broadcasts for Indian listeners in Hindustani, Gujarati, Punjabi, and Konkani (for Kenya's small Goan minority); and also relays the B.B.C.'s programmes in Hindi and Urdu; European listeners are provided for in English (including much relaying of the B.B.C.); and African listeners get a Swahili programme. The Kikuyu, Masai, and Kamba tribes—as well as the Somali minority—are specially catered for by a Nairobi Regional Service. Yet even this complex machine is far from sufficient. There are still no broadcasts in many important tribal languages. Medium-wave transmitters powerful enough to carry the national programmes all over Kenya are too expensive for the country to afford and are confined to the densely populated parts. They have to be supplemented by short-wave systems for wider coverage, and by medium-wave transmitters specially fed by very high frequency links. Tanganyika, a poorer country than Kenya, has not been able to afford any regional broadcasting, and some areas in Tanganyika get only a weak signal. Financial limitations are severe. Expenditure on broadcasting in Kenya, at £18 per hour, is only about a thirtieth of what is spent hourly on B.B.C. programmes.

Broadcasting in East Africa will change—is already changing—as African majority rule supersedes colonial government. The new play of forces, the new currents of feeling, will be reflected in significant alterations in the content of radio output. And in another sense broadcasting in East Africa is passing through a complicated transition. Stations originally run almost entirely by European engineers, producers, and programme planners are being 'Africanized'. In 1960, in the Tanganyika Broadcasting Corporation, out of a staff of ninety-one only sixteen were Europeans; and by 1963 the European administrators and engineers who remain will withdraw into the capacity of advisers. The technical training involved in passing the 'know-how' of broadcasting on to



Africans and Asians has so far been largely carried out by the B.B.C., either by bringing young Africans to the B.B.C.'s own training-school in London for intensive six-week courses; or by sending B.B.C. men out to East Africa to give 'on the spot' tuition; or by attachment of African staff from Kenya, Tanganyika, and Uganda to the B.B.C. for long or shorter periods. Two young African broadcasters seconded from Dar-es-Salaam, whom I met recently in London, had just been, respectively, interviewing the Archbishop of Canterbury and reporting on the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington for the B.B.C.'s African Service.

But as Tanganyika and Kenya survey the wide horizons of independence, the training facilities and broadcasting ideas of

other countries besides Britain, the old colonial ruler, will be increasingly sampled and made use of. Tanganyika Broadcasting Corporation has already sent a programme organizer to the U.S.A., and another Tanganyikan African is shortly being seconded to the 'Voice of America' organization for several years. After several decades of colonial rule, there is an understandable wish, on the part of Africans savouring political independence, to demonstrate independence of British ways and methods, yet the young educated African nationalists of Tanganyika, Kenya, and Uganda are also both fair-minded and shrewd. 'We must avoid getting biased', said one of them to me, with a smile. 'The British are colonialists, certainly, but there are good things to be had from colonizers'.

## The God above God

By PAUL TILLICH

**I**N my book *The Courage to Be* I have used the phrase 'The God above God' within a discussion of radical doubt. The question was: what can you say to a man, for whom all expressions of religious faith have disappeared in the fire of doubt, but a doubt which is serious and not a cynical play? The answer was: you can take his seriousness as a symptom that something has not disappeared from him, namely the concern about that which concerns man ultimately and for which religion uses the term God.

In such concern the God who is absent as an object of faith is present as the source of a restlessness which asks the ultimate question, the question of the meaning of our existence. This God is not seen in a particular image by him who is in doubt about any possible image of God. The absent God, the source of the question and the doubt about himself, is neither the God of theism nor of pantheism; he is neither the God of the Christians nor of the Hindus; he is neither the God of the naturalists nor of the idealists. All these forms of the divine image have been swallowed by the waves of radical doubt. What is left is only the inner necessity of a man to ask the ultimate question with complete seriousness. He himself may not call the source of this inner necessity God. He probably will not. But those who have had a glimpse of the working of the divine Presence, know that one could not even ask the ultimate question without this Presence, even if it makes itself felt only as the absence of God. The God above God is a name for God who appears in the radicalism and the seriousness of the ultimate question, even without an answer.

### A Misunderstood Term

The term 'God above God' has been misunderstood by some. It has been taken to imply the establishment of a kind of Super-God and a removal of the personal God of living faith. But God is not only the God of those who are able to pray to him—he is also the God of those who are separated from him, who do not know his name and are not able to speak to him or even about him. He is not only the God of the religious people but he is also the God of those who reject religion. He is greater than the churches and their members, he is not bound to the sphere of the holy; he is also present in the sphere of the secular. Neither sphere has an exclusive claim on him. And even more: in God himself the contrast is overcome. The separation of the holy from the secular is a symptom of man's estrangement from himself, of his predicament in time and space. Man is under the continuous threat of being overwhelmed by the power of finite and transitory things. Therefore he needs a reality which counters this threat, the sacred, in which the infinite and eternal shines through the finite and temporal. If man were inseparably united with the Ground of his Being, he would be without religion, because he would be in the divine Presence at every moment. Since there would be nothing secular,

there would be nothing religious. For him God would indeed be 'the God above God'.

God above God, then, means: God above the God of the theists and the non-gods of the atheists. As a matter of fact, on this view, there are no atheists. The word itself loses its meaning. The atheists are those who deny the God of the theists, but they do not deny the God above the God of the theists—they cannot, even if they tried seriously to do so. For their seriousness in trying to be atheists witnesses against their claim to be atheists. And those who are not serious in their denial of God, but who keep him away from themselves through unconcern or cynical irony, are not parties to a discussion about theism and atheism, they are in a preliminary state into which the concern about the ultimate meaning of life can break at any moment. At such moments the question of God will become alive for them.

### Transcending Religious Images

But now it may be asked: why are the religious images of God necessary at all? Is it not better to transcend them from the beginning, even if religion is necessary in the human predicament? Would such a transcending of religion not remove the conflicts between the religions and the theologies which have been responsible for an unimaginable amount of crime and misery in the history of mankind? And would it not overcome the destructive splits in the mind of the individual between his religious traditions and his critical honesty? Let us elevate ourselves from our earliest years—so one could say—to the God above the gods of religion.

This is what many mystics have done for themselves and for their pupils; and many people in our time try to follow this road. They turn to medieval and modern Western mystics, or they turn to Hindu and Buddhist ideas; today it is particularly Zen Buddhism with the help of which they try to transcend the concrete images of God in Christianity and Judaism. The openness of Western man for this kind of Eastern way of religious experience is symptomatic of a state of mind in our present culture. It shows that the unbroken acceptance of the concrete symbols of our Western religions, especially of Christianity, has become impossible for most thinking people. They cannot accept God as an object among other objects. They reject the traditional symbols, because they do not realize that every symbol points beyond itself and that the myths must be interpreted and deprived of their mythological form in order to become understandable for our time.

In this situation the term 'God above God' can be a help, not only for those who are in radical doubt but also for those who must be assured that the Christian message is not a combination of absurdities—that in its symbolic language the whole depth of the religious dimension is effective. Christian theology is able to show in its own symbolism the truth about the 'God

(concluded on page 172)



# B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

July 26—August 1

## Wednesday, July 26

The Minister of Education tells the Burnham Committee that its proposed salary award to teachers of £47,500,000 (already rejected by them) must be reduced to £42,000,000

The British Government says it 'fully endorses' yesterday's statement by President Kennedy on Berlin, and is considering special measures to meet any emergency that may arise

In a referendum in S. Rhodesia the Government's proposals for a new constitution are accepted by 41,949 votes to 21,846

## Thursday, July 27

National Union of Teachers decides to agree to the Burnham Committee's proposed salary award of £47,500,000

Crimes of violence in England and Wales last year rose by over 10 per cent.

## Friday, July 28

The Communist-controlled executive of the Electrical Trades Union rejects the demands made by the Trades Union Congress as a condition of the union's continued affiliation with the Congress

The Election Court decides that Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn (Lord Stansgate) cannot renounce his hereditary title, and that Mr. M. St. Clair, his Conservative opponent at Bristol South-East, is the elected M.P. for that constituency

The French Government informs the U.N. Security Council that she will not take part in the debate on Tunisia's complaints of French aggression at Bizerta

## Saturday, July 29

The new programme of the Soviet Communist Party is published: it includes promises of free food, housing, public utilities, and the abolition of rents, under a twenty-year plan

The executive of the National Union of Teachers votes to reject the Government's reduction in the proposed salary award

## Sunday, July 30

Refugees from East Germany reach West Berlin at the rate of seventy an hour

## Monday, July 31

The Council on Prices, Productivity, and Incomes criticizes in its latest report some of the Government's measures for meeting Britain's economic crisis

U.S. Congress gives President Kennedy authority to call up 250,000 reservists

## Tuesday, August 1

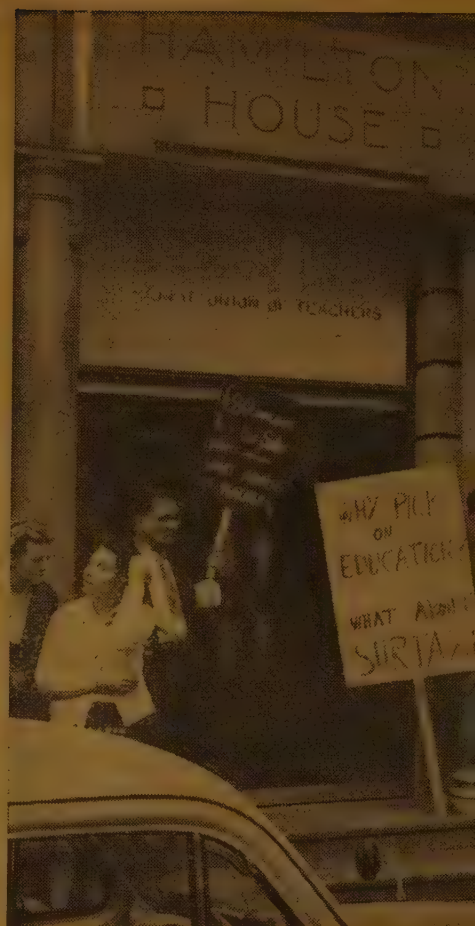
The Colonial Secretary tells the Commons that the Kenya African leader Jomo Kenyatta is to be finally released in the latter part of the month

Executive Commission of the Common Market warmly welcomes Britain's decision to apply for membership

Australia keeps the Ashes, beating England by 54 runs in the fourth Test match



The Prime Minister (seen above in a recent photograph) announced to the Commons on July 31, that the British Government had decided to apply for membership of the European Economic Community. Mr. Macmillan said that the negotiations would be long and no agreement would be entered into without arrangements to safeguard 'the special interests' of the United Kingdom, the Commonwealth, and the European Free Trade Association



A demonstration outside the National Union of Teachers in London. The executive of the union met to discuss the Government's proposal to reduce by £5,000,000 in teachers' salaries provisionally agreed by the Burnham Committee. Token strikes were held at a number of schools last week and delegates of the National Union of Teachers are to be called on September 30 to consider the proposal.



Richie Benaud, the Australian captain, clean bowled by Dexter for 2 runs during the Australians' first innings in the fourth Test match at Old Trafford, Manchester. Although Benaud made only 1 in his second innings, his bowling (6 for 70) was decisive in giving Australia victory on the final day of the match



Captain Piero d'Inzeo of Italy received the Saddle of Honour from Princess Alexandra after winning the V Cup in the jumping championship at the White City national Horse Show at the White City. Captain d'Inzeo was riding The Rock. Captain d'Inzeo's victory won him the Saddle of Honour for points gained in the Loriners' Cup for points gained in the V Cup.





Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld (above, right), Secretary-General of the United Nations, with President Bourguiba of Tunisia last week. Mr. Hammarskjöld had flown to Tunis during his attempts to mediate between the French and the Tunisians over Bizerta, but no progress was made towards arranging truce talks. *Right:* bread being distributed in Bizerta where the authorities have been trying, since the cease-fire on July 22, to get essential services running again



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Competitors in the Royal Southampton Yacht Club regatta passing the United States liner 'America' last Saturday, the opening day of Cowes Week



A tapestry depicting coffee-growing which is among a series of embroidered panels illustrating life in Kenya on exhibition at the Commonwealth Institute, South Kensington



Puma cubs making their first public appearance at the Lion House of the London Zoo last week. Their spotted coats will later turn to plain grey

*Right:* a modern church in south-east London: St. Paul's in Lorrimore Square, Walworth, which replaces the church destroyed during the war. The building incorporates club rooms and a recreation hall





(concluded from page 169)

above God', of which the Asiatic religions have so much to say. And if this is being done adequately, it could be that the images of God in classical Christianity may receive a new affirmation, not as statements about objects but as genuine symbols in which the power of that to which they point is present. The term 'God above God' therefore is not meant as a suggestion that one should relinquish the traditional symbols and ascend directly to this transcendent God; but the term is meant as a critical protection against attempts to take the symbols literally and to confuse the images of God with that to which they point, the ultimate in Being and Meaning.

Let us look again at the situation of the man who is in radical doubt. Why are so many people in our time in doubt about the images of God and about God himself? One of the reasons is that they have never understood the truth which is implied in the paradox 'God above God'. They have tried to discover a being, called God, among other beings, and they have been unable to find him. Obviously they could not find him in this way. For God is not an object among objects. He transcends the world of objects as well as every subject. And in so far as the images of God make him into an object they must be transcended.

At this point someone may raise a question,

perhaps with a serious concern: does this advice to transcend all religious images not destroy the concreteness and intimacy of the religious life? Does it not undercut the I-Thou relation to the personal God? Does not the God above God supersede the personal God of every living religion, so that no prayer is any longer possible? These are indeed serious questions; they have been asked throughout the whole history of religions, and also in the history of the Church, whenever mystical experiences or philosophical analyses of the religious facts have shown vistas beyond those in which the traditional religious life is moving.

Let me try to answer these questions: first of all, the question of the personal God. If we say 'God is a person', we say something which is profoundly wrong. If God were a person, he would be one being alongside other beings, and not He in whom every being has his existence and his life, and who is nearer to each of us than we are to ourselves. A person is separated from any other person; nobody can penetrate into the innermost centre of another. Therefore we should never say that God is a person. And neither the Bible nor classical theology ever did. In classical theology the Latin term *persona* applied only to the three faces of God as Father, Son, and Spirit. The application of the term 'person' to God is a poor invention of nineteenth-century theology

and even more of popular talk about religion.

If, however, we say that God as the creative source of everything personal in the universe is personal himself, we are right. He cannot be less than his creation. But then we must make another assertion and say: he who is personal is also more than personal; and, conversely: he who is more than personal is also personal, namely, personal for us who are persons. This makes it possible that in our religious life we can speak to him as an ego speaks to another ego, that we can say 'Thou' to him and that he can address us, as a person addresses another person. But whenever this happens, we must remain aware of the fact that it is God to whom we speak, and it is he himself who makes it possible for us to speak to him by working as Spirit in the innermost centre of our being. The God above God and the God to whom we can pray are the same God. I say this to those who feel endangered by the term 'God above God'.

To the others, to those who are in radical doubt and to those who live in a profound uneasiness about the Christian images of God, I would say: 'Transcend the symbols; they themselves want you to do so. That is what they demand. With your doubt and your uneasiness you witness to that of which the term "God above God" is a paradoxical expression: The Ultimate, the Holy itself'.

—Third Programme

## New Money for Old

(concluded from page 159)

everyone in official circles here and abroad agrees on the need for internal deflationary policies in Britain and agree that devaluation is not the right remedy. But the important thing is that once it becomes clear that sterling is in commission in this way, the attractions to Britain of trying to maintain sterling as an international reserve currency will start to look a little tarnished. And once that happens, the British authorities may be much more willing than they are at the moment to encourage most holders of sterling balances to convert them into a claim against an international organization such as the International Monetary Fund.

On this front, the ground is again being prepared, and it looks as though the September meeting of the I.M.F. in Vienna will see such a development of the Fund as an intermediary, broadly on the lines of Bernstein's Reserve Stabilization Account, although probably within the powers available within the Fund's Articles of Agreement. The significant fact about Bernstein's plan for the I.M.F. to borrow by issuing interest-bearing notes is that one is here within an ace of a new international currency—of Keynes's plan for a 'bancor'. To get all the way, one has to make one simple, though important, modification. That is to provide that the new notes should be repayable on demand instead of simply when a holder has a payments deficit, as Bernstein has suggested. In practice, holders of notes earning a reasonable interest rate would demand repayment only if they had a payments deficit—but the additional freedom I am suggesting would mean that their holders would have no doubt about regarding

the notes as being as good as gold as a way of holding reserves.

In fact, they would be better than gold, because they would earn interest; and they would be better than sterling or dollars, because they would avoid the exchange risk involved in holding those currencies. So the next step in the operation, after the rescue work envisaged by Bernstein, could follow very quickly. This would be for the I.M.F. (or its Reserve Stabilization Account) to accept deposits by members of gold, dollars, or sterling in exchange for these new notes. Gold deposits would swell its reserves against withdrawals by the mystics and the obsessives who decide to prefer gold; sterling and dollar deposits would be offset, as in the Triffin-type plan, by a funded claim against Britain or the United States.

The last stage in the development would be to move ahead from these stages of merely swapping one sort of liquid claim for another to the stage of creating a net addition to international liquidity. My basic suggestion here is twofold. On the one side, new money created artificially should be used to help the poorer countries; the best method would be for the I.M.F. to take up long-term bonds of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development and of similar agencies which are able to see that loans are used to good purpose; the bonds would be paid for with newly issued notes.

On the other hand, there is the question of the control of the issue of new notes. Here I am doubtful about the use of arbitrary rules

and even more doubtful whether it is right to give the initiative to the I.M.F. or to any similar agency. The determinant should be the voluntary desire of countries to hold additional savings in a liquid form. One method by which this might be done would be for the I.M.F., at the end of each year, to ask each country whether it regarded any net change in its reserves over the year as permanent, or as merely temporary and therefore to be corrected subsequently. As things stand today, I imagine most surplus countries would regard most of their net additions to reserves as permanent, while most deficit countries would regard losses of reserves as temporary and something to be put right in the future. The net addition to reserves which countries regard as permanent should then be a measure of the new creation of international money which is justifiable in the following year. Such a rule would mean that once most countries regarded their individual reserves as broadly adequate, then no further artificial creation of international money would take place. In practice, most countries would probably choose to have a slow indefinite expansion of their reserves along with the rise in the level of their trade and total wealth. If so, the rule would provide for an indefinite increase over time in the supply of international money.

The sort of system I am suggesting would be much saner than the one we have at present—and given intelligence, foresight, and a lack of undue prejudice, I think that things will move in the direction of sanity.

—Third Programme



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## Spain and the Political Spectrum

Sir,—Mr. FitzGibbon's comment on Britain's policy during the Spanish Civil War (THE LISTENER, July 27) does less than justice to the Labour Party's role in that conflict. Labour's policy was far from being 'peace at any price' or 'obediently following the lead given by the Peace Pledge Union', as Mr. FitzGibbon alleges.

From the very outset of the Civil War, the Labour Party urged Baldwin's 'National' Government to supply arms to the Republican Spanish Government to defend itself against the rebel forces. As soon as it became obvious that the Government's policy of 'non-intervention' was in fact aiding the rebels, who continued to receive arms from the Fascist states, while depriving the Republican Government of its legitimate right to obtain assistance, the Labour Party, at its Annual Conference in Edinburgh in October 1936, called for an end to this farcical policy of 'non-intervention'.

Furthermore, the Labour Party's commitment to the policy of collective security had already been overwhelmingly endorsed by Party Conference, at Brighton the preceding year. On that occasion (October, 1935), the Labour Party pledged 'its firm support of any action consistent with the principles and the statutes of the League to restrain the Italian Government and to uphold the authority of the League in enforcing peace'. This is a far cry from 'peace at any price'.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.2 ELAINE WINDRICH

## M.P.s and Commercial Television

Sir,—I am sorry that those who disagree with my reflections on eighteenth- and twentieth-century politics should rely so much on personal attack instead of powerful argument. Last week, in his criticism of my views on the campaign for commercial television, Mr. Cowling excelled himself in these respects.

First, Mr. Cowling is wrong to state that I am opposed to commercial television. I specifically stated in my talk (THE LISTENER, July 20) that it had 'done the B.B.C. a power of good' and that most of us would not now want to revert to the 'arid days' of B.B.C. monopoly. It was the *manner* of the commercial television victory which I criticized. And my criticism here was *not* (as Mr. Cowling wrongly suggests) because the Government had no specific mandate. The word *mandate* does not in fact appear in my talk—for the simple reason that I do not accept that doctrine. What disturbed me, as I said, was that M.P.s with a substantial financial stake in the success of their efforts should use their special position to induce a reluctant Government to introduce commercial television; that these men should have more influence on government policy on this occasion than the party voters, the constituency associations and even the majority of the members of the Parliamentary Party; that the bureaucrats of the Conservative Central

Office should so wholeheartedly serve this small group of financially interested M.P.s rather than the party as a whole; and that the Popular Television Association, a front organization, should demonstrate how in a manipulative public relations propaganda battle the power of wealth can be decisive. Mr. Cowling has every right not to find any of this disturbing; and I do not cast any aspersions on his ability, integrity, or competence for reaching such a conclusion. But I happen to disagree.

Yours, etc.,  
Oxford NORMAN HUNT

## What Is the Purpose of Life?

Sir,—Mr. Christopher Hollis (THE LISTENER, July 27) is entitled to his belief that Marx has failed as a prophet, but not to make such cocksure statements as if his belief is a fact. He states that Marx laid down a rule of increasing poverty for the proletariat and that he failed to foresee a managerial caste. First, Marx laid down no such rule; and, secondly, such a detail as the growth of managements as part of the expansion of monopolies does not affect in any way his notion of the general crisis of capitalism.

However, it is on the ethical issue that I should like to say a few words. It is certainly non-Marxist to say, as Chien Chun-jui is reported to have said, that 'there are virtually no human sentiments common to all, nor any common human nature in a class society'—unless perhaps if he is arguing that the divisive elements tend to break up the common basis or falsify it in various ways. In fact, a socialist society such as the U.S.S.R. simply inherits the ethical conflict between the sensuous and existential essence of the individual and his social being: a conflict which all previous societies including that of Christian capitalism, for which Mr. Hollis speaks, have failed to solve. It is hardly good manners then for them to throw bricks at socialism in its initial phases when it is struggling to work out the theory and practice of a unitary consciousness in which the old contradictions, including this ethical one, have been overcome.

Let me add that I think Mr. Hollis has a point in picking out the use of the term 'scientific'. If Marxism is simply scientific it is as lopsided as the systems it aims to supplant; and the overworking of the term by Marxist apologetics is an example not of superiority but of carrying over the science-art, thought-feeling conflicts which are of the essence of alienation.

Yours, etc.,  
Castle Hedingham JACK LINDSAY

## A Theft by Thomas Fuller

Sir,—In his talk on Thomas Fuller (THE LISTENER, July 27), perhaps rather too tepid a tribute to that witty and delightful divine, Mr. Geoffrey Templeman observed that many of the folk Fuller mentions would but for him have been forgotten 'like the Essex gentleman Thomas Baryngton and his wife who died on

successive days', which prompted Fuller to comment:

He first deceased, she for a few hours try'd  
To live without him, lik'd it not, and dy'd.  
Mr. Templeman reproduces the lines without any comment on their origin; but Fuller never hesitated to help himself to whatever came conveniently to hand, freely, and often very happily, adapting other authors. But here he has appropriated and mangled a well-known couplet by Sir Henry Wotton 'Upon the Death of Sir Albert Morton's Wife':

He first deceased; she for a little tried  
To live without him, liked it not, and died.  
As Wotton (author of the celebrated lines on Elizabeth of Bohemia—'You meaner beauties of the night') was Fuller's contemporary and had died just before the outbreak of the Civil War, many readers of *The Worthies* must have spotted his pilfering of the couplet: which is included in *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, No. 180 (1931 impression).

Yours, etc.,  
London, W.4 RALPH EDWARDS

## 'Voltaire and the Calas Case'

Sir,—Mr. Alan Sillitoe's review of Miss Nixon on the Calas case (THE LISTENER, July 27) is very curious. The point about the Calas case is that Calas was innocent of the crime for which he was (barbarously) punished. Mr. Sillitoe writes that 'the Rosenbergs . . . are of the same symbolic stuff as Jean Calas broken on the wheel'; and insinuates that their conviction was connected with 'the witch-hunt of left wingers in America'. This is doubly confused. There is no reason to suppose that the Rosenbergs were innocent of the crime charged. And what has the detection and punishment of genuine crimes to do with 'witch-hunting'? Again, one could only feel the kind of horror provoked by the Calas case about 'the last man hanged in England' if this man were to be hanged for a crime he did not commit. Horror that a man should be *hanged* is something quite different.

Mr. Sillitoe's final suggestion that anarchism has (theoretically) the cure for injustice seems to have no sense, unless, indeed, he is making the very sophisticated point that in an anarchist society criteria for the application of the concept of justice would be hard to come by.

Yours, etc.,  
Leeds J. M. CAMERON

## 'Gallery' and Restrictive Practices

Sir,—As the interviewer in the 'Gallery' programme on the economic situation referred to by Miss Veronica Hull in THE LISTENER of July 27, perhaps I could point out that it was not restrictive practices but government exhortations to the trade unions to exercise wage restraint that Alan Day said he did not favour. None of us is in favour of restrictive practices—except that large proportion of us who indulge in them.—Yours, etc.,

London, E.C.4 MICHAEL SHANKS



## The Sky at Night

## An August Shower

PATRICK MOORE considers the Perseids and other types of meteorite

*This article is based on the B.B.C. Television programme of July 10, in which Dr. M. H. Hey of the British Museum of Natural History also took part*

AUGUST IS THE BEST time of the year for meteor observation. During the first part of the month the Earth passes through a rich shoal, and the result is a shower of shooting-stars known as the Perseids. Moreover, conditions in 1961 will be exceptionally favourable, since the Moon will be new at about the time when the shower is at its best (August 11-12) and there will thus be no interference from moonlight.

The meteors are of course travelling round the Sun in parallel paths, and the apparent divergence from one particular point or 'radiant' is purely an effect of perspective. (There is an everyday analogy to hand. If you stand on a bridge overlooking the M1 or some other motorway, the parallel lanes will appear to meet at a point close to the horizon, which may be regarded as the 'radiant' of the lanes.) The name of the August shower is given because the radiant lies in the large and important constellation of Perseus. Given clear skies, the display should be spectacular, and anyone who looks up steadily for a few minutes at any time between July 30 and August 17 will be unlucky not to see a meteor or two, provided that the sky is sufficiently dark and that there are no inconvenient street lamps nearby.

There are various meteor showers each year, notably the December Geminids and the January Quadrantids, but at present the Perseids hold pride of place. In addition, there are meteors which do not belong to any shower, and are classed as 'sporadic'. Nowadays it is believed that meteors are genuine members of the Solar System, and do not come from what is often loosely termed 'outer space'. They are undoubtedly associated with comets, and indeed it seems overwhelmingly probable that the Andromedid shower seen in November represents the debris of the lost comet of Biela, which has not been seen as a comet since 1852. (It must, however, be added that the Andromedids have become very sparse in recent years.)

Brilliant meteors are striking, and it is not at first easy to appreciate that they are very small. The average meteor is inferior in size to a grain of sand, and few are bigger than pins' heads. Research with high-altitude rockets and orbital probes has also led to advances in our knowledge of even smaller particles, termed micrometeorites, which may be regarded as being rather like cosmic dust.

Work of this sort has a close connexion with the new science of astronautics. Some years ago it was often suggested that meteoric particles provided a major hazard to space vehicles. The

velocities of the particles are great, and, relative to the Earth, may amount to as much as forty-five miles a second, so that shielding from a large body would be out of the question. However, the Russian programme has shown that the danger has apparently been overestimated. As was recently pointed out by the Soviet astronomer M. S. Bobrov, Sputnik III remained in orbit for a long time without being obviously damaged by such an impact; and although

related to the asteroids or minor planets—dwarf worlds which move round the Sun, mainly between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. There appears to be no basic difference between a large meteorite and a small asteroid, and the 1908 and 1947 objects might be placed in either category. It is suggested, though without definite proof, that both meteorites and asteroids were produced by the break-up of a former planet (or planets) in the remote past.

Meteorites have been found in Britain, but there are only a few cases of objects which have been seen to fall and have been subsequently recovered. The map given here shows all the known cases. None of the objects was very large, but prehistoric falls were evidently of greater importance than recent ones. The Hoba West Meteorite, still lying in Africa where it landed, weighs over sixty tons, and the object which produced the famous Coon Butte crater in Arizona must have been comparable. Meteor craters have been found in various parts of the world—in Arabia, Australia, and the Baltic island of Oesel, for instance—and some authorities believe that the many thousands of craters on the Moon are due to meteoric impact, though other astronomers prefer to regard the lunar formations as chiefly igneous.

In this connexion it may be worth mentioning the report that a meteorite landed in the Hebrides at Mors-

gail (about twenty-five miles from Stornoway) in late 1959. It was said that the explosion drained a small loch, and caused considerable disturbance in the surrounding bog. In July of this year I visited the site; the loch is still more or less dry, but investigations failed to reveal any trace of meteoritic material, and it may be regarded as certain that a meteorite was not the cause. What seems to have happened is that there was a minor explosion, produced by the ignition of gases in the bog, with the result that the loch water drained down into a smaller adjacent loch lying at a lower level.

Meteorites are of various types. Some (siderites) are largely nickel-iron, while others (aerolites) are stony, and there are various intermediate grades. Analysis of some 1,800 known meteorites shows that about half are aerolites, while the other half are irons. This is not, however, likely to lead to an accurate picture; an iron remains recognizable for a long time after its fall, whereas a stone is quickly rendered unrecognizable by weathering. It is estimated that something like 90 per cent. of the meteorites which reach the Earth's surface are stony. Moreover, a mass of iron is mechanically much stronger than a stone—some stony meteorites are very friable indeed—and



A meteorite (cut in section) found at Kansas, U.S.A., now in the British Museum (Natural History) at South Kensington. It measures fifteen inches across. The bright areas are nickel-iron

doubts must remain, it does not now seem that a vehicle will be at all likely to suffer serious harm during a voyage between the Earth and the Moon. On the other hand, there is a distinct possibility that the unexpected cessation of radio signals from Lunik III and from the Venus probe launched last February was due to meteor damage, so that it is clearly unwise to be dogmatic.

From time to time the Earth encounters larger particles, which are massive enough to survive the complete drop to the ground without being destroyed, and are then termed meteorites. Some of these are of great size. During the present century there have been two important impacts, both in Siberia. In 1908 a large body landed in the Tunguska region, blowing pine-trees flat for miles around the point of impact, and in 1947 there was another fall, this time in the Vladivostok area. It is fortunate that both meteorites landed in uninhabited areas, since a direct hit upon a city or industrial area would inevitably have resulted in heavy casualties.

It would be misleading to suggest that there is any close association between shower meteors on the one hand, and meteorites on the other. There seems to be a fundamental difference, and it is probable that meteorites are more nearly





1. Stretchleigh (1623). 2. Hatford (1627). 3. Pettiswood (1779). 4. Wold Cottage (1795). 5. High Possil (1804). 6. Mooresfort (1810). 7. Limerick (1813). 8. Launton (1830). 9. Perth (1830). 10. Aldsworth (1835). 11. Killeter (1844). 12. Dundrum (1868). 13. Rowton (1876). 14. Middlesbrough (1881). 15. Crumlin (1902). 16. Appley Bridge (1914). 17. Strathmore (1917). 18. Ashdon (1923). 19. Pontlyfni (1931). 20. Beddgelert (1949).

Map showing places in the British Isles where meteorites have been seen to fall and have afterwards been recovered

the proportion of stony to metallic material in space must be well over ten to one.

Meteorites are of extreme importance, because they are the only natural objects coming from beyond the Earth which may be handled and analysed in the laboratory. Moreover, they have recently been the subject of discussion because of the revival of an old suggestion that life may originally have been brought to the Earth by a meteorite.

We have to admit that we are still very much in the dark about the origin of life. Many theories have been put forward, but none is wholly convincing. All we can say with certainty is that as long ago as the Cambrian period, dating back some 500,000,000 years, primitive organisms existed here; they may have appeared long before that, but we have little direct proof. It also seems probable that life will appear wherever conditions are suitable for it, and most astronomers—though not all—believe that the famous dark areas on the planet Mars are due to living organisms of some sort. Reference may here be made to the experiments conducted by Dr. F. L. Jackson, of King's College Hospital, London, reported in *THE LISTENER* of March 30, in which Martian conditions have been simulated as closely as possible in order to see whether any terrestrial-type organisms can survive. These experiments are still in progress, and a further report will be made as soon as possible.

It is therefore not inconceivable that life first appeared upon the hypothetical planet which disintegrated, giving rise to the meteorites and asteroids—and that it was material brought to Earth by means of one of these meteorites which

led to the development of terrestrial life. The theory is not new, and was at one time supported by the famous Swedish scientist and Nobel Prizewinner Svante Arrhenius, but clearly it hinges on the evidence for or against any such material existing in meteorites available for analysis.

Recent analysis of the Orgueil meteorite by American scientists has been cited in support. It has been stated that the carbon compounds present in this meteorite have some peculiarities in common with the hydrocarbons of biological origin, and the suggestion has been made that the Orgueil meteorite may have been part of a larger body (at least a minor planet) upon which life did develop, leaving this rather unusual group of carbon compounds coating and impregnating the silicate grains when the bigger body broke up. However, it appears that the evidence is inadequate to show that the Orgueil hydrocarbons are of biological origin; for one thing, far too little is known about the chemistry of those assemblages of atoms that are electrically charged and are called 'free radicals'.

It must be concluded that iron meteorites are totally unsuitable to be carriers of organic matter.

This applies also to most of the stones. At least 97 per cent. of them contain no trace of organic matter, and have moreover been very hot at some stage of their history. The only meteorites which seem to hold out any hopes at all are the carbonaceous chondrites, of which only twenty have been recovered during the last 200 years.

If we assume that life originated on a former planet which disintegrated, we must also assume that a fragment of it—in the form of a meteorite—reached the Earth within a reasonably short period, since it is most improbable that even the most primitive form of living organism could survive for long without a supply of liquid water. This in itself sounds rather far-fetched; but, in any case, does so implausible a theory really explain any of the problems which at present confront us? As has been said, all the evidence goes to show that meteorites are true members of the Solar System, and did not come from interstellar space. Presumably the supposed former planet was also a member of the Solar System, probably revolving in an orbit between those of Mars and Jupiter—the region of the present asteroid swarm. How, then, did life originate on the disrupted planet in the first place?

Even by making some improbable assumptions, therefore, we have made no progress: in fact, we have added to our difficulties. So far as we can make out, the Earth lies at the most favourable point in the Solar System for the appearance of living organisms. The amount of radiation received from the Sun is neither too great nor too small; taking our atmosphere into account, conditions result in an equable temperature, and it seems that (with the possible

exception of Venus, about which we know almost nothing) only the Earth has an abundant supply of liquid water. This means that living organisms are more likely to have had their origin on the Earth than anywhere else.

Mars, farther away from the Sun, is naturally cooler, and its lesser mass has resulted in the loss of more of its atmosphere. Our hypothetical meteorite-producing planet would have been more remote still, and with a still lower temperature. Moreover, all the known asteroids and meteorites put together would not add up to a single body the mass of the Earth, or even Mars, and to suppose that life originated on a small, cold planet is surely straining the evidence unjustifiably. Again we must beware of being dogmatic, because we still do not know definitely how the planets were formed. Moreover, we cannot claim that we have anything like a full knowledge of the various types of objects to be found in the Solar System. There are, for instance, the mysterious tektites, which are quite unlike normal meteorites, and which may possibly have originated in lunar volcanoes.

Yet there seems no reason to make whole series of assumptions when there is a much more straightforward explanation to hand, and the best conclusion can only be that life probably originated on the Earth itself. One day, perhaps, we shall find out the whole truth, and it is likely that important advances in our knowledge will arise from the first direct contacts with Mars and Venus. Just when such contacts will take place cannot yet be predicted with any accuracy.

Meanwhile, meteorites retain a fascination all their own; it is intriguing to realize that the unimportant-looking objects now stored in cases in some of our museums were once independent members of the Solar System, and moved in orbits of their own for untold millions of years until finally encountering the Earth. It may also be that they once formed part of a planet which no longer exists. And despite the looseness of the association between meteorites and shower-meteors, it will be well worth while to pay some attention to the night sky during the first weeks of August, when the annual Perseid shower will be at its very best.

## Wild Sports of the West

The landlord's coat is tulip red,  
A beacon on the wine-dark moor;  
He turns his well-bred foreign devil's face,  
While his bailiff trots before.

His furious hooves drum fire from stone,  
A beautiful sight when gone;  
Contemplation holds the noble horseman  
In his high mould of bone.

Not so beautiful the bandy bailiff,  
Churlish servant of an alien will:  
Behind the hedge a maddened peasant  
Poises his shotgun for the kill.

Evening brings the huntsman home,  
Blood of pheasants in a bag;  
Beside a turf-frick the cackling peasant  
Cleanses his ancient weapon with a rag.

The fox, evicted from the thicket,  
Evades with grace the snuffing hounds:  
But a transplanted bailiff, in a feudal paradise,  
Patrols for God His private grounds.

JOHN MONTAGUE



# The Other Face of Florence

By RAYMOND BAKER



J. Allan Cash

THE TRAIN got into Florence dead on time, a fact which every traveller in Italy takes for granted. The porter remembered me from my down journey to Rome. 'From my red suitcase?' I asked. Smiling, he shook his head. No, Signore, you carried the fat newspaper called the Manchester folded up and it was important to sit with your back to the *motore*. Very flattering, and I had the feeling that he was too polite to say only the English do these things. But Florentines have this natural grace which shocks—I think is the word—the northerner, and this little encounter made me happy and got my porter a larger tip than was strictly necessary.

The next sensation after the porter was the station itself. It is there that the modernity of Florence begins. It was built back in 1938 or so, and is not exactly new, but even after twenty-five years this early masterpiece is still streets ahead of anything in England. You enter it through dozens of light grey metal-framed glass swing doors into space and light where green plants welcome the eye and where you buy tickets. Then through more doors to the platforms. There are no draughts or swirling eddies of dust; the platforms are wide and low and the high zig-zagged

roof is held up by slim columns which do not block the view. Everything is spotless and everything metal to be seen is that silvery grey metal you see on aeroplanes. Here you feel that a journey is the beginning of an adventure.

What caught my eye was the arrival and departure indicator. Instead of names and numbers I saw something like a large framed blackboard with arrival and departure times, but following each time in a long line were little flat

models of the actual train itself clipped on to the board. There was the engine, so many first-class carriages, so many second, the restaurant car and the baggage car in their proper order, and so that you could judge where they would be in relation to your own platform. On trolleys on the platform I could see everything a traveller could want. Ambulant espresso machines hissed their meaning plainly, copies of *The Times* recoiled indignantly from contact with *Confidential*, and trolley-loads of wine, brandy, liqueurs, soft drinks, and enormous sandwiches rolled silently along.

But I must mention those packed lunches. You pay eight or nine shillings for a carrier bag, and inside are hot *lasagne verdi* (baked green macaroni with meat sauce), half a small cold chicken, potato crisps, a packet of those long crunchy bread sticks known as Grissini, a quarter bottle of wine with a foil top which means you do not need a corkscrew, cheese, and an orange; and, of course, salt.



A fashion show held in the Pitti Palace, Florence



Leaving the station and deciding to walk down the Street of the Beautiful Women I observed once more the characteristic overhanging eaves of the grey stone buildings which give the city its faintly brooding medieval air. The smell of real coffee held me prisoner—coffee roasted until it is almost burnt—and after buying a Toscana I sat down at a café. Watching a buzz of scooters trying with deadly skill to knock down a man crossing the street, I caught the waiter's eye and asked for a knife and lit half the Toscana. As the familiar odour of the rank and villainous tobacco rose, I stretched in contentment. Looking like a carelessly rolled piece of tapered rope, a Toscana is not everyone's taste, but they are smoked by duke and dustman in this aristocratic but commercial city.

An Indistinguishable Dividing Line

The dividing lines between art, learning, leisure, and business are almost indistinguishable in Florence and it was without surprise that I noted leaflets on the nearby café tables from one of the many language schools advertising courses in Russian, German, and English. My own purpose in Florence this time was an uneven mixture of pleasure and business. I wanted to bring myself up to date on the way Florence makes a living—apart from tourism, that is—but I was determined to enjoy myself as well.

The thing about modern commercial Florence is that it is not brash and strident but gay and elegant as well as being good at making money. What Regency is to London the Renaissance is to Florence, but unlike London, which stupidly knocked down the Regent Street shopping arcades, Florence is busily making the most of its sombre and aristocratic Renaissance palaces. As I turned into the Via Tuornabuoni—the Bond Street of Florence—it was still looking like an architectural perspective of a Renaissance painting: in fact the interiors of some of the palaces are even older. I looked in at the shoe shop of Ferragamo, which was like a monastery; it was in fact built in the thirteenth century. There was a delicately painted high vaulted ceiling with its angels and cherubs, floors of waxed and polished bricks, a huge oak refectory table—about twenty feet long—covered with women's shoes of all kinds, truly baronial wall hangings in majestic Florentine brocade and wrought-iron candelabra and standards—it was like being in a very stately Florentine home.

The effect was not lessened by the manner of the proprietress, who accepted my idle curiosity with quiet good manners and charm. Her international English was flawless and she told me that her designs were never sensational or extreme. I restrained an eyebrow at the sight of a pair of shoes with built-in woollen spats instead of uppers, but my mentor said they were made to match a customer's dress and steered me away from dotty shoes made of feathers and brocade to what could be more properly described as sensible flat-heeleders for county women.

Somewhat one always gravitates towards a bridge and inevitably I arrived at the Ponte Santa Trinita, that most beautiful of all the six bridges of Florence. It was destroyed by the Germans but painstakingly rebuilt exactly as it was; no one would know it had ever been harmed. But there is one thing, one of two statues is without a head and to this very day the city is divided into two factions about it.

One side says leave it as it is rather than put a less beautiful head on it; the other side feels that it looks odd and unfinished. I say leave it alone as a testimony to Florentine artistic integrity.

It struck me once more that the Florentines are a very ingenious lot altogether as I caught sight of the Pitti Palace and recalled that Florence has become in recent years Europe's centre of high fashion for women. The Palazzo Pitti is the largest Florentine palace. Looking rather like a fort, it is built of huge grey blocks of stone and rises in three tiers; each tier is set back from the one in front and with its elongated windows and doors, rounded at the top, the palace has a grim and slightly menacing air. But it stands on a lovely site surrounded on three sides by the Boboli Gardens, and in its day it was the palace of the Kings of Italy and may be likened to Versailles.

But here is where the ingenuity comes in. Nowadays, in an atmosphere of high society and high jinks, women's fashions are shown at the palace twice a year. You may have read the overawed descriptions by ferocious women fashion writers of the fabulous Sala Bianca, the beautiful white ballroom with its priceless old chandeliers and magnificent frescoed ceilings and gilded ornaments. It is as if we allowed Hampton Court to be used for fashion shows, except that Hampton Court was never as lovely or as elegant. The man behind all this is called Giardini. He formed a fashion trade association linking up all the industries connected with fashion and emerged triumphantly as the victor in the long feud between Rome and Florence.

The New and the Old

On the following day I decided to have a look at Giardini's own place and went along a short stretch of the Lungarno, the river bank, near the Ponte Vecchio. Through the quiet courtyard just off the river lies a small modern block of flats and offices which, curiously, does not seem outrageous, standing as it does next to the fourteenth-century tower of an old cathedral which no longer exists.

Giardini is a catalyst; without him nothing would have happened. His offices or showrooms are like a film set of a Florentine grandee's home dreamed up by a Hollywood producer: gilt tables and chairs, good oil paintings, imposing lamp standards in the grand manner, and light, polished floors with Persian rugs give the picture. We in Britain ought to have our own Giardini for he is worth his weight in gold to Italian dollar-earning. Having contrived to shift fashion from Rome, he now acts as buying agent for most of America's most famous stores; he orders things, sees them shipped off, and they get the benefit of his wonderful flair for fantastic clothes for women. This office of his has two separate functions: one is the Centro di Moda (the fashion centre) which arranges the shows at the Pitti, the other is acting as resident agent and buyer for the top American and Canadian stores. But even Giardini has competition, for some large American stores have their own buying offices here. The British have none, although some of our big London stores have Italian representatives here.

To demonstrate that they can produce a rabbit out of a hat whenever they want to, Florence shows high fashion for men at the Pitti Palace

at the same time as the women's fashion shows. Being curious about this, I went to see a man called Brioni. He showed me a most amazing collection of men's clothes: pullovers of fine cashmere in bright blue and gold with Persian lamb collars; shoes with square toes so flexible you could almost turn them inside out and made in leather of all colours—dark red, tobacco colour, blues and subdued greens.

This very Italian phenomenon resulted from the energy with which a tailor of fantasy and extreme ideas on the use of colour began designing clothes for men a few years ago. Beginning with suits (imagine a well-cut suit of light-coloured suede) he began designing shirts with round collars, and the materials that make them, and went on to very narrow neckties to go with those shirts and suits, got around to enormous square cuff-links, and ended up with square-toed shoes. The only thing not yet designed is a specially suitable type of man to go with them, but even this is not ruled out: when I last saw him there were several diet sheets on his desk, so it may be that some thoughts on the redesign of the human frame may be forthcoming; I wouldn't put it past Brioni.

One evening I was strolling along the Via Calzaiuoli, the street leading from the Palace of the Nobles to the Ponte Vecchio—that bridge which looks like nothing so much as London Bridge three or four hundred years ago—and I came again to the Lungarno. Looking up-river I saw another bridge and one which embodied the way Florence keeps in step with the times, for it is the most modern and elegant in Italy. Called after that Florentine who gave his name to America, the Amerigo Vespucci Bridge is long and low, with a line of continuous fluorescent lighting tubes about a yard high in the middle of it. It had two traffic lanes divided by that long line of light, and the light itself silhouetted the cars and cycles and people through the railings as they crossed. Being Florentines, the architects had not forgotten that vital matter of reflection in the river itself, and the whole beautiful structure is seen down in the water as though in a mirror. But all over Florence the most wonderful use has been made of concealed lighting. The Palazzo della Signoria, the cathedral with the Baptistery and the famous bell-tower by Giotto looked almost better by night than by day, I thought, and this mingling of ancient and modern is constantly surprising.—Home Service

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No news is bad news

We are talking of grave matters, of course, but let me just go bravely on and leave the tears to you. News is always being made, at all times of the year. Should you ignore it? Only gaunt philosophers and little fluffy demondaines succeed in this, and I can't believe you belong to either class. Once you have locked your front door and cancelled your daily papers, once you are launched on an uncertain sea of strange food and suntan lotion, you will need the news . . . not the BBC time-signal overheard through the window of a bungalow, not a crime passionel in Nice, but the news.

Keep your hooks on realities. There is a newspaper called The Observer which publishes on Sundays and can be read with profit and enjoyment then and thereafter. It posts brilliant correspondents to all corners of the globe, sends special envoys scuttling up and down the sidelines, catches news with strange prescience the second it happens, gives you the background, gives you moreover (a masterstroke) the pith and pertinence of everything that has taken place in the previous six days, while you were padding and bullfighting.

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# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## The Levellers and the English Revolution

By H. N. Brailsford.

Edited by Christopher Hill.

Cresset Press. £2 15s.

Reviewed by AUSTIN WOOLRYCH

H. N. BRAILSFORD was a man of many causes; they filled his long life from his service as a volunteer in the Greek Foreign Legion in 1897 to his death only three years ago. This big book on the Levellers was the labour of his last years. All that was generous in him responded to the courage and crusading spirit of those astonishing campaigners for democracy in the aftermath of the Great Civil War; the telling of their story was to be a kind of political testament.

He has certainly told it excitingly and movingly. He steeped himself deeply in the Levellers' copious literature, and he expounds their ideas and activities with profound sympathy. His portraits of their leaders are memorable. His enthusiasm often inclines him to overestimate their effectiveness as a party—he accepts rather uncritically, for instance, their own estimates of the signatures they collected for their mass petitions—and he certainly exaggerates their influence on the course of events. But his integrity as a historian is such that the critical reader is generally enabled to make his own judgments. Although most of his material will be familiar to specialists, there are some aspects on which he throws fresh light: the extent, for example, to which the Leveller-inspired Agitators led the army's first revolt against the Long Parliament, and the Levellers' opposition to a war of conquest against Ireland.

If there are criticisms to be made, they should not dwell on a few factual errors which he did not live to check, or on certain deficiencies in the broader historical background which expose the limits of his reading outside his chosen subject. He is thin on the Levellers' antecedents; he does not convey their debt to earlier, more limited exponents of the sovereignty of the people, and he exaggerates the continuity of tradition between the continental Anabaptists and the English Puritan sects. He accepts too largely the common misapprehension that the Levellers stood basically for manhood suffrage, whereas evidence which he himself quotes shows that most of the time they contended for something considerably narrower.

And despite his honest care for historical truth, he is often less than just to their opponents. His references to Cromwell's Protectorate, in particular, are apt to decline into crude caricature. These are a hangover from views which were fashionable in the nineteen-thirties, and abound in such terms as 'Puritan fascism', 'totalitarian dictatorship', and 'police state'.

But the crucial question, over which Brailsford displays a puzzling ambivalence, is whether the Levellers' programme could ever really have worked. He seems to regard their Agreement of the People as the most hopeful and exciting project to emerge from the revolution, yet he admits

that 'the state whose constitution they drafted would have been barely capable of coherent action'. Their plans involved the ousting of the existing ruling class from its entrenched positions in local and central government. Could such a social revolution have been contained within the bounds which Lilburne and his fellows hoped to set? Would it not have succeeded finally in driving Royalists, Presbyterians and even right-wing Independents into each other's arms, thereby advancing the Restoration by at least a decade? Brailsford is too indulgent to the Levellers' many tactical follies; to give only one example, their flirtations with the idea of restoring Charles II on the basis of their democratic Agreement show how weak was their grasp of political realities.

But this sprawling, great-hearted book, part history and part a huge sermon on Leveller texts, triumphs over its shortcomings as a critical interpretation of the English Revolution and the Levellers' role in it. It is addressed to the general reader, and as Mr. Christopher Hill says, 'the political and moral overtones are there for those who can hear them'. It was sad that Brailsford died with four chapters still unwritten, including, alas, his final summing up. But Mr. Hill has done his job of editing so skilfully and unobtrusively that the last is the only gap that will be seriously felt.

## The Man of Sensibility. By Jean Dutourd.

Translated by Robin Chancellor.

Macmillan. 21s.

This 'man of sensibility' is Stendhal; he is also M. Dutourd. This is not the work of a *stendhalien* in the sense that M. Dutourd can be numbered among those epigoni of Henri Martineau who continue to scrutinize manuscripts or dredge municipal archives for still one more undetected detail in the Life. Nor is it a critical study such as those recently published essays where M. Georges Blin and M. Starobinski, making use of Martineau's devoted research, brilliantly illuminate the contradictions and extravagances in the personality of their subject. M. Dutourd is a novelist, essayist, and commentator on the contemporary scene; his forthright opinions and something in his style recall our Mr. Priestley—a Priestley not of the Left but of the Right. Like M. Aragon and M. Vaillant, who have annexed Stendhal for the Left, M. Dutourd demonstrates that Stendhal is the necessary archetype for French men-of-letters when they talk about themselves.

M. Dutourd has hit upon a very ingenious idea for the composition of his book. Prosper Mérimée, twenty years younger than Stendhal, wrote three separate series of reminiscent notes on his friend; M. Dutourd has chosen the most vivid of these and used each note as text for a chapter of annotation and comment. The advantage of this scheme is that it gives a freedom of range over Stendhal's life and opinions—his thoughts on the arts of writing, painting and music, on Napoleon and war, on society, religion, love and life. Mérimée's little

book (the book within M. Dutourd's book) has all the immediacy of remembered conversation and personal anecdote. And when M. Dutourd draws on his experiences of war or literary fashion his own commentary becomes a vigorous amplification of Mérimée-Stendhal.

Stendhal fascinates us at the present time because he exercised an *esprit de contradiction* with such rigour and finesse that it became the unifying principle of his existence. *Where* to oppose, *how* to oppose, indeed *what* to oppose—this, to us, in our monstrously conformist societies, seems equivalent to learning the art of living. If Stendhal can educate us here then he is our master and patron saint. M. Dutourd takes the simple line that all that is required of us, as it was of Stendhal, is to oppose the prevailing orthodoxy: to be Right when the world is Left and Left when it is Right. But such manly and independent action does justice neither to the subtleties of Stendhal's *esprit de contradiction* nor to our own dilemmas when Right and Left, conformity and non-conformity, have been emptied of all meaning in the universal processing to which we are subjected. It is here especially, I think, that M. Dutourd's book reveals its shallowness. If he had paid more attention to what Stendhal wrote and had been less concerned with the dramatization of his own ebullient personality he would have perceived that Stendhal's *esprit de contradiction* was a very personal moral hygiene—indeed so personal and so peculiar that all it has to teach us is that we must discover, however painfully, our own.

H. G. WHITEMAN

## Feudal Society. By Marc Bloch. Translated by L. A. Manyon.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2 10s.

The author of *Feudal Society*, now so admirably translated into English by Mr. Manyon, was a professor of economic history at the Sorbonne when the last war broke out. Already a veteran of 1914-1918, he was recalled to the colours, and later, after the capitulation of France, joined the Resistance. In 1944 he was captured by the Germans, tortured, and finally shot near Lyons. These facts have a bearing on his writings, for Bloch's life was all of a piece, his passionate patriotism matching his exuberant zest for history, and his simple epitaph—*Dilexit veritatem*.

Born in 1886, his reputation was made and will rest upon his great study of French agriculture, *Les Caractères originaux de l'histoire rurale française*. He also exerted a wide influence on his younger contemporaries through the *Annales d'histoire économique et sociale*, which he founded with Lucien Febvre in 1929. *Feudal Society*, as Professor Postan reminds us in his foreword, was 'the last product of his scholarly activities', and certainly it was the most ambitious—a great synthesis of feudalism considered, not as a military or legal institution, but as 'a system of human relations'. It is this comprehensive approach which makes it one of the most truly original books of its time.



To F. W. Maitland, writing more than fifty years ago, feudalism meant

A state of society in which the main social bond is the relation between lord and man, a relation implying on the lord's part protection and defence; on the man's part protection, service and reverence, the service including service in arms.

With this Bloch is in full agreement, but his whole conception is more sociological.

The feudal system meant the vigorous economic subjection of a host of humble folk to a few powerful men. Having received from earlier ages the Roman *villa* (which in some respects anticipated the manor) and the German village chiefdom, it extended and consolidated those methods whereby men exploited men, and combining inextricably the right to the revenues from the land with the right to exercise authority, it fashioned from all this the true manor of medieval times. And this it did partly for the benefit of an oligarchy of priests and monks whose task it was to propitiate Heaven, but chiefly for the benefit of an oligarchy of warriors.

Two great scholars, but what worlds apart in their mental attitude towards medieval history!

From first to last, then, Bloch is attempting to get behind institutions to the living men whose actions they controlled. The original French edition was published in two volumes, of which the first traced the origins of feudal society from the ties of kindred which bound early German society together to the full development of a network of ties of dependence extending from top to bottom of the social scale. Even in its heyday from the eleventh to the thirteenth century feudal society underwent continual change. There were endless differences between country and country and even province and province, and there were always, above the confused mass of petty chiefdoms, authorities of more-far-reaching influence and of a different character. It was none the less a single, living form of social organization marked by common modes of thought and feeling. Nowhere will one find a more vivid picture of the most difficult centuries of medieval history than in Bloch's first volume.

In the second, which rarely reaches the same heights, the social classes and political developments are examined in detail; but despite many striking pages, it lacks both the lucidity and coherence of the first volume.

The inquiry is confined to that period of history which extends roughly from the middle of the ninth century to the first decades of the thirteenth; and it is restricted to western and central Europe, the lands whose civilization was centred about the Mediterranean. England, though already an integral part of this 'Europe', was on the fringe only, and its history is here shown to have been in many ways exceptional. Its feudalism, for instance, was only imported after the Norman Conquest. In the Anglo-Saxon period, when the ties of kindred were the chief social cement of society, England underwent a striking, if rather isolated development. But it failed to organize the newer bonds of vassalage and homage, and by the middle of the eleventh century it was so enfeebled as to be ripe for conquest. 'Perhaps', writes Bloch, it would not be wholly incorrect to interpret the collapse of Anglo-Saxon civilization as the calamity of a society which, when its old social categories disintegrated, proved incapable of replacing them by a system of clearly defined protective relationships organized on hierarchical principles.

After 1066, the new feudal society was by the very fact of conquest weighted in favour of the monarchy which so developed its military power as to transform knighthood into a fiscal institution. In this way the English noble class became more a social than a legal one, and to this absence of clear definition Bloch attributes its permanence and power. Yet there were many similarities with France until the early thirteenth century, at which point their histories sharply diverged. He is thinking of the exceptional development of the English parliament, at which he aims this parting shot:

Assuredly the English parliamentary system was not cradled in 'the forests of Germania'. It bore the deep imprint of the feudal environment from which it sprang.

V. H. GALBRAITH

### Of Music and Music-Making. By Bruno Walter.

Translated by Paul Hamburger. Faber. 30s.

This translation into readable English and not, as might be feared, into American, of Bruno Walter's *Von der Musik und vom Musizieren* (1957) brings within easier reach a series of essays, all interesting, many instinct with wisdom born of long experience. The core of the book is the section, nearly a third of the whole, about conducting; a soft core since the author is fundamentally gentle and urbane. 'My advice is that one should rather strive for moderation and simplicity, not to say reserve'. He is discussing 'perfidious execution', something he has come to eschew in conducting and seeks to evade in literary composition.

Bruno Walter is remembered as a great musician, a man who has forged a beautiful technique that has served music grandly, one who always has put music first. He is never a showman, still less an exhibitionist (read him here on conductors in love with their hands who dispense with the stick). It is not only his immense reputation that gives weight to these chapters on the art and practice of conducting, but equally the evidence of his own music-making, evidence reflected here in this other medium where an alert mind guides his pen with much the same combination of clarity from the brain and eloquence from the heart as that which directs and controls his baton.

From personal experience he traces the three ages of a conductor; the first when everything comes easily and he is hailed as a young genius; the second when doubts assail him, his very facility seems bogus, his powers of any depth of interpretation nil; at length the final, richest age when, after a pitiless stare at his own reflection in the mirror of time, he turns from the study of stick technique which by now he must have mastered if ever he is to do so, in order 'to devote his energies entirely to the higher problems of musical interpretation, untroubled by technical difficulties'. Then begins the great era of a conductor's maturity.

Around this core are grouped other valuable essays. Walter's romanticism, appealing though it may be, leads him at times into vagueness. But when he gets down to details he keeps close to his brief and is persuasive and wise. An example is his analysis of the mutual relation between tempo and interpretation in Schumann's piano concerto. There is also a notable essay on the interpretation of the St. Matthew Passion. And the book ends with a sigh of regret. For this man of wide sympathies owns that the

latest manifestations of creative music—atonality, dodecaphony and onwards to electronics—have him beat. He sees nothing fruitful there and, seemingly for the first time in all his long career, he turns away. Not altogether without hope; for his confidence tells him that 'the genius of mankind shall survive this period of illness once it has remobilized the spiritual and moral powers' that provide it with strength to persist, as they have done for this conductor not happily turned author also.

SCOTT GODDARD

### The Traitor. By André Gorz.

John Calder. 30s.

Sartre, who writes the preface to this book, warns us not to expect the author to be very likable, or the writing to be stylish. It is the autobiography of a young Viennese boy, who was brought up on fascist ideas by an anti-Semitic mother, and then discovered that his father was a Jew. His family removed him in 1939 to Switzerland, where, instead of reflecting on his present good fortune and his past folly, he developed a morbid interest in metaphysics. His *Angst*, dread, despair and other unhappy sensations in the presence of what appeared to him to be the meaningless nature of the universe were eventually put right by a man who is referred to as Morel but is obviously Sartre himself. The book is redeemed (in so far as it is redeemed) by the supreme existentialist virtues of authenticity, sincerity, genuineness. But unlike Sartre's own writings it has no wit or humour, nor much sense of balance and *mesure*. The literary style, which is inelegant enough in the original, is even less felicitous in English.

MAURICE CRANSTON

### The Donkeys. By Alan Clark.

Hutchinson. 25s.

Military history, more than any other branch of historical studies, lends itself to the journalist and the populariser. This is not to belittle the work of either, for journalism and literary entertainment are respectable professions calling for great skill and hard work. But what their practitioners write is not history. They neither ask the questions which historians ask, nor go about answering them in the same way. Instead of trying to enlarge our understanding of the past, they use it to interest, entertain and enthrall us. But history proper does more than pass the time. It is not melodrama but tragedy, in which all the participants are heroes with whom we can identify ourselves; and if we close a book thinking 'how stupid (or how wicked) they were', then the work in question, whatever its excellence, was not written by a historian.

Mr. Clark is not a historian. Neither the tuition of Professor Trevor-Roper nor the access to the files of Captain Liddell Hart of which his publishers boast have made him one. He is a vivid writer with considerable gifts both of description and narrative; gifts which the Beaverbrook Press is quite right to exploit. His subject, the campaign of the British army in France in 1915, gives them plenty of scope; indeed his descriptions of battles and battlefields are sometimes masterly. As 'entertainment' this book is good value. As history it is worthless. Like other contemporary works on the first world war it accepts unquestionably a popular



stereotype of brave British lives being squandered by stupid generals, and fills out the picture by selective quotation from a very limited number of sources used without any sort of critical acumen. For several of the most malicious insinuations, no authority is quoted at all. Sir John French, we are told, 'had "a liking for the ladies"', and rumour has it that this taste was not unconnected with his urgent need for £22,000 when he was commander of the Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot'. This sentence, for which no source is quoted, is a fair sample of Mr. Clark's method of work. Apart from the memoirs of Poincaré no French sources appear to have been consulted—an odd omission, since strategy in 1915 was still largely shaped by G.Q.G.—and very few German.

There is in fact only the sketchiest reference to the grand-strategic considerations which lay behind the offensives which Mr. Clark describes. He has consulted neither the papers of Rawlinson at Sandhurst nor those of Haig at Bemersyde. Indeed towards Haig he displays a sustained malevolence which certainly does nothing to increase our understanding of that complex and controversial man.

The personal bitterness and the slovenly scholarship of this book do not detract from its readability. Indeed they add to it. Damn braces, bless relaxes. But as a memorial to the dead of 1915 it is a pretty deplorable piece of work. For here was tragedy. The British generals, holding commands of a size far beyond their experience, with inadequate communications

and in a war whose nature took both sides by surprise, committed terrible mistakes, paid for by the thousand with the lives of their men. Lions led by donkeys, said Hoffmann, who was no less scathing about commanders on his own side. But the donkeys were promoted lions themselves. The military problems of the day, Puck-like, made asses out of the most competent and intelligent of generals. A serious study is certainly needed of the British Officer-Corps in 1914—of its training, experience and doctrine, of the personalities and relations of its commanders, and of its preparations for war. The picture which may emerge is not likely to be an impressive one: but it will be a very different affair from Mr. Clark's petulant caricature.

MICHAEL HOWARD

## The Last Amateurs

The Garnett Family. By Carolyn Heilbrun. Allen and Unwin. 30s.

IT IS PROBABLE THAT this decade will see the end of private scholarship, and of literary critics who are not qualified by holding university appointments. Will the nineteen-seventies perhaps extend this university qualification to creative writing? If so, the Garnetts by the end of the next decade will indeed appear fabulous monsters of a bygone age. A self-taught scholar who after a distinguished career in the Church became in his late middle life an Assistant Keeper at the British Museum. His son who was taken on to the staff of the British Museum at the age of sixteen, and, again self-taught, rose to be Superintendent of the Reading Room and Principal Keeper of the Department of Printed Books. This same self-taught young man appointed in his early twenties to select and edit the papers of Shelley and Mary Shelley. In the next generation a man, also self-taught, who became one of the most powerful 'behind the scene' literary figures of his age, the discoverer of Galsworthy, Conrad, and Lawrence.

His wife, it is true, was a brilliant Newnham pupil, but her fame came as the translator of the great Russian novelists, when she had taught herself that language as an occupation to temper the enforced idleness of pregnancy. In a world shaped by the demands of university and Civil Service, these self-taught figures of the two Richard Garnetts, and of Edward and Constance, present an individualistic, private, amateurish group beside which even the Bloomsbury world appears cosseted by formal education or salon culture. The achievements of the Garnetts would not be possible today; and what is more, education has been purposely moulded in the last five decades to prevent such achievements.

The arguments which deplore this seem to me on the whole to rest on sentiment rather than sense. Nevertheless in all social changes there is loss, and the losses to English culture through the disappearance of the self-taught scholar and the bohemian bookman are a valuable corrective to our present professional cultural arrogance. Gosse perhaps is a more important and more striking example of the vanished age than any of the individual Garnetts, but, taken as a family, the Garnetts present us with every aspect of that bookish, browsing, undisciplined, simple-living, essay-loving intelligentsia that

dominated so much of English culture from 1880 or so until well after the first world war. The atmosphere of this world lies behind much W.E.A. work, behind the Everyman Library, popular concerts, cultural rambles in Metroland, bookish weekly lunches in Soho or Fleet Street, Sunday theatre clubs. The Garnetts indeed brought to an end in a blaze of real distinction centuries of Grub Street.

All this could have made Mrs. Heilbrun's book one of the key books in our cultural history. It is doubtful if an American would be the person to write such a book, with all the English ramifications and nuances needed, any more than an English writer could sum up the contribution of Boston to American culture. Certainly Mrs. Heilbrun has hardly grasped the range and depth of her subject. Apart from a few quotations from Mr. Noel Annan's inquiries into the origins of Bloomsbury, she has confined herself to outlining the biographies and estimating the work of each of the Garnetts in turn. For bringing the scattered facts together we may be grateful to her, but her estimates of their achievements are altogether too naively enthusiastic and uncritical to be of great value to a serious reader.

Until Mr. David Garnett produced his wonderful novels in the 'twenties his family had always been more remarkable for their inspiration to other writers rather than for their own creative work. Richard Garnett's collection of stories *The Twilight of the Gods* has a certain period charm in its late-Victorian paganism and well-mannered irony, but the rest of his work has that awful arch, playfully scholarly, book-making quality that is the worst feature of that minor age. Edward Garnett strove heroically to write for the theatre, in which he showed no interest and for which he had apparently little aptitude. Yet Richard Garnett as a model Superintendent of the Reading Room, Edward Garnett as a sensitive, determined publishers' reader, and Constance as a tireless translator made incalculable contributions to scholarship and writing. Our debt to them should not blind us to the faults of the culture they created.

Not least of the difficulties that Mrs. Heilbrun has not really met lies in the word 'incalculable'. Any indirect contribution to scholarship or

letters is inevitably surrounded by an aura of legend, for the most part rosy legend since it consists in great degree of the gratitude of those who have benefited.

What exactly, for example, was the scholarship of a man like Richard Garnett? Mrs. Heilbrun talks of his fantastic memory, of a culture acquired through the wide knowledge of books that he saw as a 'Placer' in the British Museum Library for many years. Anyone who knows that Library's workings as I do is aware that the Placer's job does not allow him any real knowledge of the many hundreds of books that pass through his hands daily. Nevertheless a Placer with a well-equipped memory might serve scholars as a living reference work. He would not be as accurate as the innumerable reference volumes prepared by well-trained staffs and duplicating-machines that a modern library possesses; but would not his individuality contribute much to the reader that he cannot get from reference works? The unsentimental answer about such famous Superintendents of the Reading Room, as about the mixed collection of independent scholars, rich and poor, whom they served, is, I think, that what was gained in idiosyncrasy and independence was often lost in accuracy and discipline.

And so with the literary criticism of the age, bookmanship had a warmth that is lacking in the 'new' criticism, but it had also a softness, a whimsicality and a 'literariness', which we do well to be without. To Constance Garnett who gave us Dostoevsky as most of us must first have discovered him, and to Edward who gave Conrad and Lawrence their first chances, it seems monstrous to do more than to express gratitude. Yet truth must out: Edward was rapidly left behind by the great novelists he helped to arrive; much of Constance's work was too quickly done with too little linguistic equipment. London Grub Street has almost gone, the universities have taken over. To deplore the change is as sentimental as to deplore the disappearance of the horse plough; yet the Garnetts and their world rightly command our pious gratitude, but to do justice to their real achievement they deserve a more discriminating examination.

ANGUS WILSON



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

## DOCUMENTARY

### Racial Prejudice

THE BEST B.B.C. programme of the week was 'Meeting Point' on the Eichmann trial (July 30). 'Meeting Point' is a religious programme that goes out every Sunday at 7.0 p.m. Other editions I have seen promise controversy and appear to be broadminded, but the arguments turn tame and the minds are snapped shut at the last minute. This time it was different. It had to be, given the subject and Patrick O'Donovan as chairman. He managed his team—Dr. Grüber, Provost of Berlin, an international lawyer, a rabbi, and a psychiatrist—with an assurance and ease of manner that was a pleasure to watch.

Dr. Grüber spoke in German, and his interpreter was excellent. What a relief to be spared those halting and incomprehensible phrases which are an embarrassment to speaker and audience alike. He talked about his own experiences in a concentration camp which was, he said, worse than Dante's inferno. We all know about that, and express suitable horror at the Nazi atrocities. But the more subtle and alarming nature of racial prejudice he emphasized by saying that a German who had helped Jews escape from Germany would not give his name because he now lives in Berlin.

Rabbi Kopul Rosen spoke of the widespread nature of racial prejudice of which Nazism was only the culmination; and the psychiatrist qualified this remark by pointing out that the popularity of authoritarianism in Germany made her a fruitful breeding-ground for persecution.

The only departure from the outstandingly sane discussion was when the rabbi said that love of our fellow men was only possible if we loved God. When it was mentioned that the hands of the Churches are not entirely clean when it comes to persecution he blamed organized religion for such errors. This is a standard escape hatch

for *religiosi*, and I am always fascinated by the concept of disorganized religion that it conjures up.

The great merit of the programme, apart from the obvious ones of individual clear thinking and humanity, was that it removed Nazism from the sphere of horror and atrocity and linked it with everyday experience. It filled in and explained the gap between the person who

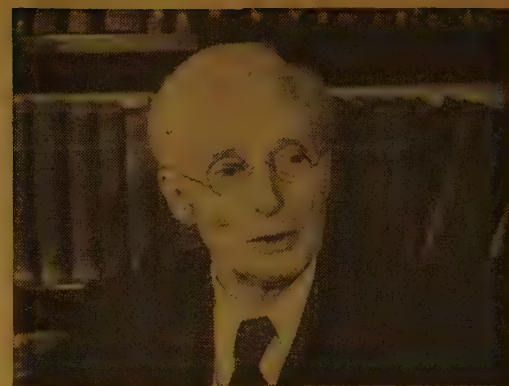


'Corruption and the Electoral Courts', illustrated in 'Gallery': a cartoon by Rowlandson of the Duchess of Devonshire who, in the words of the commentator, 'was even prepared to kiss the butcher in the cause of Radicalism'

says, 'Not that I have anything against Jews [or Negroes, etc.] but...' and the Nazi thug, and in doing so, narrowed it.

Theologians should be allowed to look other-worldly in view of the nature of their vocation. Dr. C. H. Dodd, the General Director of the New English Bible, contrasted his appearance with a strictly practical approach to religion. He was interviewed in 'Viewpoint' on July 26. Whatever one thinks of the aesthetic value of the new translation, this portrait of a scholar and a gentleman was very pleasing.

'Viewpoint' was preceded by 'Personal Cinema', a showing of films made by amateurs. The most impressive was 'The Nonconform-



Dr. C. H. Dodd in 'Viewpoint'

ist', made by boys at King's College School. It was a short film, two minutes, I think, and was about a school where all the inmates stand, and hop, on one leg. One boy hops on the wrong leg, and gets beaten up for his peculiarity. There was a vision and insight in this film of the sort that sometimes hits adolescents, and doesn't hit them again unless they become artists.

In the same programme, 'Driftwood and Seashell' was a fantasy made by a man and wife who are fascinated by the bits and pieces to be picked up on a seashore. It was a sort of visual free association on the subject of flotsam, and was a masterly effort. I do not question the sincerity of the film itself, but I do question the emphasis put on it by the producer. Taken individually, few faults could be found with it, but contrasted with 'The Nonconformist' it stood out as a piece of adult escapism against genuine simplicity.

Considering the television build-up of the Budget, it was surprising to see no post-mortems. The discussions in the previous week were interesting, but lacked bite because of their hypothetical nature. I would have liked to see Mr. Rees-Mogg and Mr. Alan Day having a set-to after the announcement, and can only attribute the lack of such entertainment to a mixture of boredom and shock.

President Kennedy, who appeared on British screens very late on July 26, was not as alarmist as some newspapers made out. He spoke calmly and reasonably about his willingness to negotiate with the Russians over Berlin, but he also made it obvious that the fighting machinery was well-oiled.

The idea of fall-out shelters being frantically built all over America is not the best thought to go to sleep on, so it was nice to have something calmer in the shape of 'Gallery' to watch the following evening. Francis Williams was dealing with the subject of pressure groups, and a number of political cartoons were shown. This was interesting, especially because so much has been written about the creation of commercial television recently. The head of a public relations firm said: 'Public relations are a necessary development in a democracy', which left me wondering whether a suitable examination question for a P.R. man might not be to list the number of possible and probable meanings of the word 'democracy'.

VERONICA HULL

## DRAMA

### Light for Summer

AT THIS POINT in the summer season there are few television plays offered of any great weight. I suppose the theory is that they might be wasted by the effects of the seaside where we are, or do



Scene from 'The Nonconformist', a film made by the boys of King's College School, Wimbledon, and shown in 'Personal Cinema'



want to be beside. Certainly they would need great tension to compete within the medium with the natural drama of show-jumping where the least horsy of captured viewers holds his breath at the crucial points of the nearly perfect round. And the long entrances of Test cricketers must make many an actor envious.

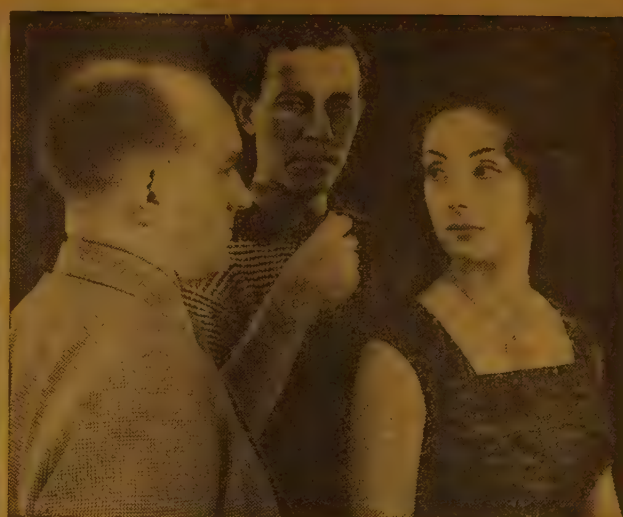
However, *Listen James* by Raymond Bowers (July 23) caught and held the attention. It is a consistently intelligent play of murder and detection and deserves a better title. Unwilling as I normally am to worry about who gets hanged and who gets away with murder, I watched the close duel between the vain racing driver (John Carson) and the polite but suspicious detective superintendent (Gerald James) with unusual concern. The blame-throwing, though elaborate in ingenuity, was credible at the point of impact, and the characters had more personality than usual. Petra Davies as Mercia Sparling, the girl most likely to get into dangerous situations but who is not quite as daft as self-satisfied gentlemen might think, gave a stylish and memorable performance. And Derek Aylward suggested good nature and weakness very effectively as the brother accustomed to being despised and picked on as a fit person to be framed. The whole thing ran fast and neatly, and in dialogue and sophistication of motive was way above the normal murderous level.

*Out of the Rain* by Douglas Rae (July 27) announced itself as 'a little escapist fiction in the magazine style'. Admittedly innocent Scots girl, brought up proper and economical, met American millionaire, charmed and got him. But it was rather better than that. The accident of meeting—coat caught in a doorway while girl was hurrying to new job—was reasonably neat. The heroine's fellow workers in a Bond Street beauty salon were suitably bitchy and, for us who never met one of them, plausible enough. And the charm was never laid on too thick. Mandy Miller as a Cinderella respectably on the make was pretty and likeable and self-righteous and clumsy. And the young man with great possessions (Richard Easton) was embarrassed and amiable. Though a Canadian, he didn't strike me as quite American enough. Margo Cunningham managed the business of being a Bond Street witch with a controlled heart of gold with the right combination of toughness and sopiness. So it did quite well. I should not, however, have noticed that there had been severe economy on the sets. The rich restaurant was hardly established at all, and I thought we were still in it for a moment when we were moving through the lights up West in Piccadilly Circus. It isn't that one wants realism in fairy stories, but the machinery of illusion needs to be either posh or insolently bald. This time it was betwixt and between, and showed.

*Storyboard* proposes to present short stories with strong narratives 'in visual terms'. The first of the series, *The Gentleman from Paris* by John Dickson Carr (July 28), was only moderately effective having more atmosphere than point. Half an hour is not long enough to run through a trick plot, establish characters, and make an exotic place and situation impose itself. I find that I have a clear picture of the looks of April Olrich as 'the Jezebel' and very Jezebellish she was. And there was an old lady dying who tried to direct the virtuous to her hidden will though struck by a paralysis. And a wise old drunk who was suddenly alleged to be Edgar Allan Poe—which I gravely doubted. But there was also talk of magic which was hard to follow, and why Jezebel was doing wrong by the old lady never quite



Richard Easton as Jeff Korngold and Mandy Miller as Bridie McClure in *Out of the Rain*



*Listen James*, with Gerald James (left) as Detective-Superintendent Hurst, John Carson as Marshal Armitt, and Petra Davies as Mercia Sparling

reached me. The girl was mighty alarming, and when she said that she could only keep her victim alive by annoying her—'she can only live by hate'—reality broke through. But it came as a shock.

The pierrots at Scarborough in the traditional and admired form of *The Black and White Minstrel Show* (July 24) had their familiar bounce at ankle and knee and wrist. Nor was it necessary to adjust the contrast control as the dancers alternated between blonde and brunette as they should. I liked a sketch which was grossly scurrilous about 'Listen with Mother'. But one of the points about the pierrots is that they should go on rather, and this sample was hardly long enough to be a thing in itself.

FREDERICK LAWS

### Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

### Brittle Morality

ANOUILH's reputation has developed a kind of momentum in England which was initiated by the Christopher Fry translations in the im-

mediate post-war years and which made us accept his later work rather too uncritically. *Dinner with the Family* (Home, July 22) has been well received in the theatre, but to hear it, deprived of its visual accessories of lavish costume and formalistic acting, is to realize that Anouilh has settled down to a formula. The familiar theme of a pure and unsullied love trying to fight the mores of an expense account society is once more exercised in this play. Anouilh indulges his audience's desire for escape from its brittle world but he is too much a man of his time to reach the unpalatable conclusion that love, and romantic love at that, ought to win. Because, in order to send his audience comfortably home, he ducks the conclusion that he has always posed in his first act, Anouilh's claim to any deep examination of our morality must be strongly questioned. He provides his audiences with a brandy nostalgia for the good life, but at the moment when he ought to throw the play in their faces he offers nothing but the smooth consolation that all is really for the best.

In this production by Hugh Stewart, Tony Britten played Georges Delachau, a young Parisian living on his wife's money, who hires a house, a butler, and two actors to play his parents in order to entertain his innocent lover. She is to be persuaded by his dinner party that he is noble, kind, unmarried, and innocent. But the real family, the fussy mother, the drone-like father, the friend who has leached on to money provided by his real wife, intervene. Space is given to a homily for each and all of those who have fallen from the grace enjoyed by Isabelle (Iris Lesley), the young girl; but though their conduct logically demands the fury of one of Donne's sermons they escape at the final curtain with very slight admonitions. It is not difficult to see why this kind of play is good box office; it is sad to see a master succumbing to the brilliance of his own technique.

Giles Cooper's *The Return of General Forefinger* (Third, July 25) also displayed a technical brilliance, but Mr. Cooper still exercises a sardonic control over his material. His characters are always odd but they are never entirely the inhabitants of fantasy. This play showed an aged widow who lives in Ireland and employs a young man to collect statues of her husband, a General from the far-flung outposts of empire. A suspicious Australian relative divines correctly that



George Chisholm and his Jazzers in 'The Black and White Minstrel Show'



the sculpture collector is in fact making the statues himself, and forces the man to embark on a real expedition to India to collect one of the statues. The collector dies in Gothic style in a deserted British army gaol, and the Australian, who had begun by finding the statue collecting absurd, ferries the statue home. In the meantime the old lady has died, and when the statue finally arrives the contractors dump it in error in the lake. The Australian's motive is then revealed; he has set his cap at Binnie, the old lady's niece. Mr. Cooper extracts humour so easily from his situations that his intention of exploring the various motives of his characters was almost destroyed by the opportunities his odd story offered. One had no sooner enjoyed Mary O'Farrell's Augusta Forefinger and the wry portrait of George Forefinger Brady, the Australian (Nigel Stock), than the caricature of Macnab, the Indian station-master, hove in sight. It is tempting to credit Mr. Cooper with deep thoughts on our present follies but I suspect that his talent for the observation of character is in danger of clouding his vision. Michael Bakewell's production matched the wit of the piece.

John Hersey is familiar to us as the author of that blunt and brilliant reportage *Hiroshima*, but it seems that even a man of his stature has to employ a tortuous approach when he wishes to question principles which have gained acceptance in the United States during the Cold War. *The Child Buyer* was written as a novel but adopted the device of purporting to be the transcript of a trial investigating the propriety of the purchase of a young genius by a firm engaged in defence work. The trial reveals that the child is to be brain-washed so that his intelligence can be put to work on selected problems. Mr. Hersey exposes the self-deceptions and fears which lead the child's parents, teachers, and civil guardians to accept the purchase; but on the way to this exposure the false drama of the court and its procedure diverted attention from a real examination of the methods employed by American corporations favoured by defence contracts.

Mr. Hersey has shown in the past that he is not one of those who wish to shirk the inheritance of Thomas Paine, and it is therefore saddening to see him employing allegory when nothing but blunt words will do the job. An American audience might have been more stirred by this production but I suspect that it would too easily be able to persuade itself that Mr. Hersey had only written a fiction. The misemployment of intelligent minds is a theme that Mr. Hersey does well to expound, but the state of things is such that though allegory may protect the writer it will not suffice to save American society.

IAN RODGER

## THE SPOKEN WORD



### Farewell to Hemingway

EARLIER this year, in an American magazine, I read the following comment on Ernest Hemingway's philosophy on the prospect of growing old: 'I'd like to see all the new fighters, horses, ballets, bike riders, dames, bull-fighters, painters, airplanes, sons of bitches, big international whores, restaurants, wine cellars and news-reels—and never have to write a line about any of them. And I would like to be able to make love good until I am eighty-five'.

It was strange therefore to listen to *A Farewell to Hemingway*, produced and edited by Laurence Gilliam and Christopher Holmes (Home Service, July 25). The many tributes paid to the writer represented only a minute portion of those

who had known and respected him both as a writer and as a man. We heard the rumbling voice of John Dos Passos recall his first meeting with Hemingway on the Venetian plain in 1917; Archibald McLeish, in a remarkably youthful voice, gave us a picture of Hemingway discussing what writing was about, 'but we never discussed style'. Graham Greene spoke for all English writers of that period, who were influenced by Hemingway at a time when they themselves were in revolt against the Mandarin style and Hemingway was forging a completely new and fresh prose. There was also a glimpse of 'Papa' Hemingway as recalled by Leonard Lyons; one of his children asked Hemingway: 'How do you write a book? Do you make it up?' Hemingway replied: 'Yes, you make it up from everything you have ever seen and done and then you write it down'. It was a warm, simple answer a child would appreciate.

Introducing the speakers was Eric Linklater who proved both competent and sympathetic. He told us that it was Hemingway's intense love of the sea that made him decide to make his home in Cuba, which resulted in the Nobel prize-winning short novel, *The Old Man and the Sea*, a story based on the honour of a simple man, a theme which to Hemingway was the only true, heroic one.

Many have tried to read symbolism into his work, but he asserted from time to time that he was learning to write, beginning with simple things: 'I want to strip language clean', he once wrote, 'to lay it bare to the bone'. This he did. There were no flights of imagination, no frenzy or ecstasy—only an awareness of what was. He tried to master the world he lived in only because he wanted to write about it as simply and as truthfully as he could. He was constantly aware of what was missing in life and in himself and it is this that he was anxious to communicate without pretension or exaggeration.

It was Robert Ruark who conveyed a true image of the man and the writer which would have pleased Hemingway. 'He was a very simple and very normal man. He liked writing about things as they really are. He shot and hunted because he bloody-well liked shooting and hunting. Danger fascinated him. He was not affectations and only grew a beard because he had skin cancer. He liked the company of profane men because they talked about the things he liked to talk about and he made things interesting because he wrote about them before they became fashionable. When he could not do the things he liked doing any more, he quit'.

One does not need an interpreter to read Hemingway; there is no wading through inverted prose to find a meaning. It is there in simply constructed sentences. He had really understood Thoreau's 'Simplify, simplify, simplify'. And yet simplification is the most difficult thing to achieve, because there is always that inborn desire to exaggerate. Hemingway had learned to wrestle with the urge to bury meaning under metaphor, and emerged with an intensely disciplined mind not unlike that of a matador. Perhaps it was this love of discipline and order that lay behind his affection for bull-fighting, in which a superb control of the senses is so apparent in that exquisite *el momento de la verdad*—the moment of truth.

Hemingway was often attacked for his exhibitionism, yet in his work there is a 'bareness' which he tried to expound in an explanation of *The Old Man and the Sea*: 'The test of any good book is how much good stuff you can throw away. I try to write on the principle of the iceberg; seven-eighths of it is under water'.

The difficulty of ending such a programme was admirably solved by allowing us to hear a

recorded speech of acceptance of the Nobel prize for literature in which Hemingway spoke of the essential aloneness of a writer—'Writing is a lonely life and the writer must face Eternity each day'.

MICHAEL SWAN

## MUSIC



### Russians and Others

SHOSTAKOVICH, the one living Soviet composer for whom there are no barriers, is nearly always musically nourishing and satisfying—surprisingly so, when you come to think of it, for there are often huge tracts of his music which are bland and monotonous. Yet at the end of one of his symphonies, many of them absurdly long or unorthodox in form, such as the Sixth at the Promenade Concerts last week (Home, July 24) consisting of an opening slow movement plus two spirited scherzos, one is never tired nor battered. On the contrary, the vast, sprawling symphonies of Shostakovich offer a bright, refreshing experience. It is clear that this thoroughly uninhibited composer enters into a symphony as he might set out on a country walk. Of course there will be dull stretches as he plods forward, but he is sustained all the time by the fresh air of music, he is happy to lose himself in time and space, and if his journey turns out in the end to have been an aimless ramble, well, what an invigorating musical hour or so has been spent!

Not many of us know more than a fraction of the work of Shostakovich, and of Myaskovsky, of whom a one-movement symphony was given later in the first week of the Proms (Home, July 27), even less. Myaskovsky is the composer of twenty-seven symphonies, besides many other works, and I will confess that I shouldn't exactly wish to be cross-examined on this phenomenal output. I can't say, therefore, whether this particular symphony, No. 21, is representative. If it is there should be fields to explore in Myaskovsky's work for some time to come.

Like his younger compatriot, he shows himself in this work to be unusually sensitive to the character of instruments. Some people may think it old-fashioned to devise an orchestral texture capable of suddenly throwing into relief the character of an oboe or clarinet. It may be old-fashioned to achieve this relatively simple feat, and it may look as simple as pie. In fact, it is a difficult and delicate achievement: orchestration of this kind was a subtlety, now gradually becoming lost. The lasting impression of these two works is that they show the traditions of the great Russian orchestrators of the past to be still very much alive.

A lifetime's experience enriched the second of Oda Slobodskaya's recitals of Russian songs (Third, July 28). This was a moving half-hour which only Mme Slobodskaya could have provided, drawing out the charm and humour in the songs of Balakirev and Borodin and the bitter, gruesome poetry of a Mussorgsky group. No matter if you have no Russian; it may even be an advantage since certain words of the Russian language are made to convey, by this artist, something more than their literal meaning. 'Bayushki, bayushki, bayu', sang Mme Slobodskaya at the close of Mussorgsky's grim Lullaby from his *Songs and Dances of Death*. A tenderness emerged from this simple utterance so exquisite that one was left with the feeling that the innocence of childhood can perhaps be evoked only by an artist of great maturity.

The description of Elisabeth Lutyens's *Symphonies* for piano and small orchestra (Third,



July 28) as a palindrome, *i.e.*, a piece of music that reads the same forwards and backwards, sent me to the Oxford English Dictionary to discover a quaint eighteenth-century literary example of this device: 'Lewd did I live and evil I did dwell'. Eliminate the word 'and' and this sentence may be read left to right or right to left. Such devices, common in early polyphonic music, are a 'natural' in serial technique and very amusing they must be to construct if you have a mathematical mind for such jugglings. For the listener it is another matter. Commissioned for the Promenade Concerts by

the B.B.C., it was, however, thoughtfully conceived to overcome the treacherous acoustics of the Albert Hall. The wind players, we were told by the announcer, were seated in pairs, radiating from the conductor 'like the ribs of a fan'. Miss Lutyens would not have expected us to grasp the intricacies of her construction without a score. Yet there is one criticism I should like to offer. She makes an abundant use of vibrating cymbals and gongs. When struck continuously these can only produce a crescendo, whereas in reverse a diminuendo would surely be required. Or am I looking too far?

Glyndebourne's *Don Giovanni* this year (Third, July 30) was a beauty. Peter Gellhorn, conducting this opera for the first time this year, was splendid in his choice of tempi and made something most arresting of the great scene of the Commendatore. Michael Langdon was a little under voice in this noble role, and the style of György Melis as the Don could have done with more polish, notably in his '*Deh, vieni*'. But these were slight blemishes in a production geared up from the start to a high standard and that consistently remained there.

EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

## Venetian Music and its Conditions

By BASIL LAM

A programme of Venetian choral music will be broadcast at 10.5 p.m. on Tuesday, August 8 (Third)



AMONG THE MANY changes in music since the break with a tradition that had lasted for a millennium has been the disappearance of local elements. Oscar Wilde's wish that art should be entirely useless is handsomely gratified in modern times when, with the shining exception of a Britten, many composers seem to envisage no function in society for their productions—an attitude justified admittedly by the nature of the result in most cases.

### Local Influence

In the past, certainly in the Renaissance, music was mostly occasional and to approach it from this aspect can be, as Denis Stevens contends, a valuable aid to understanding. When music is composed for the requirements of a social group in a particular place at a certain time, it will take a form and be written in a medium shaped by those requirements, just as the differences between, say, Flemish and Italian painting may be interpreted in social terms quite apart from the personality of the artists concerned. The value of the local influence is obvious in painting; less so in music, it is none the less important in shaping the work of composers.

The profound differences between Bach and Handel can to a surprisingly large degree be expressed in non-musical terms. Admittedly the choice of environment is itself partly expressible as an aspect of personal factors. The traits in Bach's character that kept him immured in provincial Germany and deprived him of contact with Italy were, in the musical sphere, expressed in his attachment to the Lutheran chorale; the qualities of Handel that drew him away from Germany and led him to the south found their counterpart in the freedom and casualness of his musical forms.

In the sixteenth century the common speech of music was a European speech, moulded by the Englishman Dunstable, the Netherlander Dufay and his successors, and by such splendid cosmopolitans as Lassus. It was inevitable that Venice, free alike from the futile internecine struggles of the central Italian cities, and from the domination of the Roman authority, should become the focus of so many trends in music, and from the fifteenth century the organist at St. Mark's was, *ex officio*, a leading figure in the art. The great basilica, with its domes and galleries, suggested a music broad and in some degree homophonic.

To take one example of this influence of architecture on even the most seemingly abstract elements in music, a highly inflected chro-

maticism, or a modal texture demanding false relations, would sound intolerable if blurred by a long period of echo into an overlapping confusion such as is produced by some pianists with the aid of the sustaining pedal. Consequently the masses and motets of (say) the Gabriellis are, in the main, massively diatonic and make their effect by antiphonal groupings of the *cori spezzati*. Chromatic progressions are, of course, found in Venetian music, as they are everywhere during the sixteenth century, but the intention seems to be dramatic and chromatic in the literal sense of the word; a striking example occurs in Giovanni Gabrieli's *In Ecclesiis*. Although the device of antiphonal choirs was not invented at Venice, it was obviously destined to flourish in St. Mark's which possessed two organs in widely separated lofts; Willaert's *Psalms* of 1550 made use of two four-part choirs.

### Equivalent of the Easel-picture?

In secular music Venice brought forward the unpretentious yet highly finished style of the Flemish school when Petrucci in the first years of the sixteenth century produced his famous *Harmonice Musices Odhecaton*, the first part-music to be printed. May this, and the subsequent publications by Petrucci and his rival Andrea Antico (also an active composer), be regarded as the equivalent of the easel-picture which flourished in Venice? Of Venetian art in general Berenson wrote:

Venice was the only state in Italy which was enjoying, and for many generations had been enjoying, internal peace. This gave the Venetians a love of comfort, of ease and of splendour, a refinement of manner and humaneness of feeling which made them the first modern people in Europe.

To say this is not to deny to Venice the more obviously spiritual qualities, but the medieval conflict between soul and sense which lies behind so much of the artistic creativity of Europe was discouraged by the whole Venetian ambience—the city itself, its political system, and its fortunate history. It is true that humanism flourished elsewhere in Italy, but in Florence the harsher realities were never far away; Michelangelo's tomb for the Medici could scarcely be imagined as a monument to a Doge, nor, surely, could that greater innovating genius than any of the composers, Masaccio, have found his niche among the Venetians for whom the visible world existed in its own right.

It has often been remarked that Palestrina may be seen in relation to Raphael; in both cases the excessive admiration of earlier generations

seems to arise from a misconception, but there is some sense in the estimate when seen in relation to further comparison between Giovanni Gabrieli or Monteverdi and Titian. Without venturing with insufficient equipment into the fought-over ground of instrumental accompaniment in a *cappella* music, it may be ventured that the role of instruments in church music was generally one of reinforcement by simple doubling. With the Venetians, however, brass, strings, and woodwind became a part of the formal structure of a composition. This is seen most strikingly in non-vocal pieces which are nevertheless written in vocal style. Gabrieli's famous *Sonata pian' e forte* and his more elaborate *canzone* exploit instrumental contrasts rather in the manner of the Venetian painters in whom, to quote Berenson again, 'painting found it could not attain to satisfactory representation merely by form and colour but that it required light and shadow and effects of space'. Is it too fanciful to see in Venice itself the pervading presence of 'effects of space' which, taken to the claustrophobic cities of the north by Schütz, were never fully acclimatized in a region which was to find its musical expression in the marvellously close, sometimes (dare one say?) opaque polyphony of Bach?

### The Especial Error of Historicism

All generalizations have a dangerous fascination for those who fabricate them and we are in our time prone to the especial error of historicism: the unthinking assumption that our predecessors were somehow aware of the categories to which we assign them. No musician or painter working in Venice can be assumed to have had the conscious aims we discover in his work. Nevertheless it seems true that Venice was destined to nurture in music the qualities that carried the art from what we call the Renaissance to what we call the Baroque. Looking back, it seems fitting, even inevitable, that Monteverdi should have been the last of the great succession at St. Mark's where he spent the last thirty years of his life. In his work is the consummation of all that we can describe as Venetian in music—the reconciling of line and perspective in the larger forms, the use of tone-colour both vocal and instrumental, to serve the needs of human expressiveness, and the discovery that sensuous appeal may, by intensifying communication, be a necessary—not a tolerated—element in artistic creation.

*The Directory of Opportunities for School Leavers* for 1961 has been published by the Cornmarket Press at 8s. 6d.



## Bridge Forum

## Hands from the European Championships—IV

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



The European Bridge Championship will be held in Torquay, beginning on September 24. In a series of articles, famous hands from previous European Championships are being discussed:

LOOKING AT the records of matches played ten years ago, one realizes how much the 'middle' teams in the championship have improved. In the hand that follows, played at Venice in 1951, the Norwegian declarer had a blind spot of a kind that seems incredible for an international player. In this match Britain beat Norway by 87 to 31—a big margin. Ten international match points were gained on the following hand: Dealer, South. Game all:

NORTH		EAST	
♠	J 10 8 3 2	♠	Q 4
♥	10 8 7 6 4	♥	K Q J 9 5 3
♦	7 6	♦	5
♣	2	♣	10 9 8 6
WEST		SOUTH	
♠	9	♠	A K 7 6 5
♥	2	♥	A
♦	K Q 10 9 8 4 3 2	♦	A J
♣	K 4 3	♣	A Q J 7 5

This was the bidding when Britain was North-South:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
<i>Gardener</i>		<i>L. Tarlo</i>	
2C <sup>1</sup>	2D	No	No
2S	No	3S	No
4C	No	5C <sup>2</sup>	No
5D	Dble <sup>3</sup>	No	No
5H <sup>4</sup>	No	6S	No
No <sup>5</sup>	No		

<sup>1</sup>Conventional.

<sup>2</sup>An imaginative bid for those days; spades have been agreed, and North raises the clubs to show that he has a valuable holding in declarer's second suit.

<sup>3</sup>This sort of double, though it made no difference here, is rather foolish in general: it simply gives the opponents an extra round of bidding.

<sup>4</sup>South is always prepared for Six Spades, but he is angling for a further cue-bid in clubs from his partner, which would suggest king of clubs rather than a singleton.

<sup>5</sup>Now it is apparent that there is no loser in spades, but South judges that he may have to take a finesse to dispose of the diamond loser.

The king of diamonds was led, and after

drawing trumps declarer led ace of clubs, followed by a low club, ruffed in dummy. Then came a heart to the ace and the queen of clubs, on which West's king appeared. Dummy's losing diamond was later thrown on the jack of clubs, and thirteen tricks were made.

The Norwegians were playing the forcing Two, and the bidding was shorter:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
	<i>Truscott</i>		<i>d'Unienville</i>
2S	5D	6S	No
No	No		

It is a little surprising, on the surface, that South did not bid Seven after his partner's venturesome raise to Six.

A diamond was led, as before, and after drawing trumps the declarer entered dummy with a third spade and finessed the queen of clubs. When this lost, and the defenders made the queen of diamonds, South was one down.

The safe play, of course, was that followed at the other table. Had the queen of clubs not been covered, South would have let it run, discarding a diamond from the dummy. It is worth noting, also, that it is correct to begin by ruffing a low club: that gains a trick when either defender has K x precisely.



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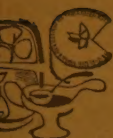
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# Salads for Summer Parties

By ALISON BALFOUR



AFTER AN exhausting game of tennis or before the theatre, on a summer evening, few party foods can beat five or six salad dishes served with cold chicken. To achieve the best results you must follow a few simple rules. Remember that a salad is a selection of fresh vegetables, and make sure it is. Run your finger down the ribs of a cos lettuce to see that it is young and crisp, make sure the tips of the carrots are green, the ends of the spring onions still green and juicy, the sticks of the celery cling together at the base, and the herbs smell as they should. Use all the vegetables, and especially the herbs, and drink.

Salad foods, ideally, should be washed as little as possible, and should be dried well afterwards. To me, a salad is a mixture, so everything must be grated or chopped to a size where it will blend with everything else. The bowl the salad is served in must be large enough to allow you to mix the salad properly with the dressing, which should be done before it is brought to the table. Here are some suggestions for salads to serve at a party, with attractive colour schemes and diverse ingredients.

**Green and Gold:** composed of finely shredded lettuce, chopped spring onions, slivers of green peppers, diced cucumber squares, very finely chopped hard boiled eggs to give a speckled

effect, mint and parsley, in a French dressing.

**Red and White:** sliced tomatoes, diced celery, sliced radishes, finely grated cooking apple, finely sliced onion, and sliced pickled gherkins, in a dressing made of cream and lemon juice instead of oil and vinegar. The gherkin, used sparingly, gives this salad a delicious flavour.

**Green and White:** Fresh or cooked peas, cooked French beans, finely chopped grated white cabbage, spring onions, grated carrot, sliced new potatoes in a French dressing with chopped garlic. This salad can be made into a dish by leaving out the cabbage leaves, adding chopped egg, and mashing everything, mixed with lemon mayonnaise, to a paté consistency. Put a radish in the middle to make a red top-knot.

**Harlequin:** Sliced tomatoes, diced cucumber, sliced raw button mushrooms, sliced spring onions, capers, black and green stoned olives with thin cream, pepper and salt. Put in a little of the caper juice to give it a spicy flavour.

**Pink cheese:** mix cream cheese with enough paprika to make it pink, plenty of finely chopped spring onions, a few sliced tomatoes and cubes of cucumber. Decorate with radishes.

**Broad beans with sauce:** This is a favourite with men, and requires a little cooking. Boil the beans with plenty of salt and pepper. Skin the beans and mash with butter. Make into

rolls, coat with breadcrumbs, and fry until crisp. When cold, serve with tartare or caper sauce—and remember to supply cocktail sticks to dip the rolls into the sauce.

## Notes on Contributors

DONALD McLACHLAN (page 155): Editor of *The Sunday Telegraph*; deputy editor, *Daily Telegraph*, 1954-1961

RODERICK MACFARQUHAR (page 156): Editor of the *China Quarterly*; and of the book *The Hundred Flowers*

ALAN DAY (page 158): Reader in Economics, London University; author of *The Economics of Money* and (with S. T. Beza) *Money and Income*, etc.

J. A. G. GRIFFITH (page 163): Professor of English Law, London University; editor of *Public Law* and the fourth edition of Sir Ivor Jennings's *Principles of Local Government Law*

DERRICK SINGTON (page 167): recently visited many parts of Africa for the B.B.C. as European Talks Organizer, European Services

PAUL TILLICH (page 169): University Professor, Harvard University; Professor of Philosophical Theology, Union Theological Seminary, New York; author of *The Protestant Era*, *Theology of Culture*, etc.

PATRICK MOORE (page 174): Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society; author of *The Amateur Astronomer*, *Astronautics*, etc.

RAYMOND BAKER (page 176): formerly an information officer for the Foreign Office in Florence and elsewhere in Italy

Crossword No. 1,627.

Theme and Variations—IV.

By Zander

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively.

Closing date: first post on Thursday, August 10. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final.

For theme-words, A, B, C, D, have something in common. Each of these words has a pair of variations, each pair having a certain relationship to its own theme-word. The relationship is not necessarily the same in all cases. E.g., if theme-word A were 'dogs', its variations might be 'tracks' and 'andirons'; and if theme-

word B were 'cats', its variations might be 'tiger' and 'lynx'.

### CLUES—ACROSS

12. Used to be a really big man—might be regarded as ex! (4)
13. Soporific at being cuddled by love—a welcome luxury (6)
14. Theme-word B (8). Variations: 1A (7, hyphens) and 47 (8)
17. Take in proceeds from triangular pieces of land (5)
18. Print the official stamp on a duck's egg? The same applies to marge (4)
19. Black has to disappear, getting quietly ejected (4) . . .
20. . . . finds English must be reactionary in this respect (6)
22. Name, by the sound of it, for a sort of hair-net (4)
24. It's vital to found a Dali movement in art (4) . . .
26. . . . to percolate the Academy from above (5)
27. Race us back—it'll make you sweat (5)
29. Wooden ball that's hard to roll with a leftward bias (3)
30. Put clothes on one heavenly body, a little red-head apt to become ardent! (5)
35. Overlay guaranteed to destroy lice (4)
39. Page residing in humble dwelling is a descendant of ancient Egyptians (4)
42. Card game in which the minimum amount of taking is advisable! (4)
43. The official rod's volume—100 square metres (4)
45. A radical planted in Earth produces cross-bred class (5)
46. Expounders of Islamic law should be well-educated, not normally male (5)
48. In the lighter's hold you'll find Oriental, mixed dress-stuff (6)
49. A captain should be sharp (4)
50. Theme-word D (6). Variations: 15 (5) and 32 (5)

### DOWN

1. Small anchors pin together the nether ends of bedecked fishmongers (7)
2. Love match, when the heart is so upset, is futile (6)
3. Theme-word C (6). Variations: 41 (6) and 51 (7)
4. Trapped and immediately up-ended by Teddy-boy (6)

5. Prophesying in one's cups can ruin an economy (9)
6. Tidy the surrounds of the library, with a blush, perhaps (5)
7. A paragon chanced to come, and was cheered (4)
8. These magistrates—uncanny female figures!—compose a short letter out in Paris (6)
9. They're complete failures when put into trifles (8)
10. Rabbits with funny ears stand round in rows (7, hyphen)
11. You'll see me rarely, half-eroded, an outcast no longer! (5)
16. Words on a signpost calculated to guide Biblical students in a pilgrimage, perhaps! (4)
21. Children's disease that makes one call and rave wildly (9)
23. Stick up a scrap of verse in a union, and it's founded (8)
25. Proper fee for chaperon who won't get Ann upset (3)
28. Insects that have a bath and a soak upside down (7)
31. Old-fashioned lights with actinium and carbon terminals (7)
33. A set of quadrille players combine, doubling up (4)
36. A milking-pail seen on a deep ravine (6)
37. You'll find faded lines of poetry in an Edinburgh station (6)
38. Princess settled among village community, in a region above ground-level (6, hyphen)
39. Theme-word A (5). Variations: 7A (6) and 34 (6)
40. Gore is the reverse of original in Homer (5)
44. Units turning sour, without a cent (4)

## Solution of No. 1,625

T	O	U	C	H	S	T	O	N	E	S	C	A	N
R	C	O	L	A	O	R	E	T	E	H	C	R	E
A	O	L	I	H	S	U	P	P	O	R	T	A	O
W	A	Y	A	O	A	O	H	U	A	O	O	I	
O	T	H	R	U	L	M	A	T	O	T	N	L	
L	H	S	O	O	I	A	N	N	O	E	A	I	V
L	A	V	E	N	N	L	O	A	T	D	R	L	I
A	R	T	S	S	G	B	M	N	V	A	A		
H	I	A	D	U	R	E	E	A	A	E	S		
S	N	N	E	I	O	C	R	P	M	S	L	O	H
U	A	O	M	R	S	I	O	A	L	Y	I	R	O
R	R	E	O	T	P	L	N	R	E	O	N	O	R
O	T	O	N	E	A	E	D	I	O	T	S		
D	E	E	A	M	E	S	R	N	I	O	S		
I	M	I	R	E	O	S	I	A	M	E	N	T	O

### NOTES

The chain words are Shakespearean characters; the title of the puzzle—'A maze, indeed' is found in *Hamlet*, II, ii (596). (Archbishop Rotheram is spelt thus by Holinshed and other authorities.)

1st prize: A. F. Toms (London, S.W.19); 2nd prize: J. D. Lomax (Manchester); 3rd prize: Mrs. J. S. Fenton (York)



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